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THE BOOKMAN

THE CHURCH AND THE LIBRARY

By Arthur E. Bostwick

THERE was a time when to be literary was to be ecclesiastical. Ability to read was sufficient proof of exemption from the jurisdiction of the civil courts; collections of books were exclusively housed in buildings subject to ecclesiastical control — churches, monasteries, colleges. Literature owes its preservation to the church of the Middle Ages, and the church, in its turn, drew much of its vitality and influence from its connection with letters.

This state of things no longer exists. Literacy is not for the clergy alone, but for the citizen. The state teaches us to read, and it assembles and distributes books. Schools and libraries are still maintained by religious bodies, but we are agreed as never before that everybody must be able to read and that illiteracy is a disgrace to the community where it exists.

Thus the public library has become a lay concern. It has little to do with the church, and the church, with some exceptions, does not heed it. It is the great neutral public institution, storing and making accessible recorded opinions but favoring none. And the odd thing is that in so far as it ignores the church the library is nullifying in one place its latest step in advance, which is to work with, in, and for groups within the community; while by turning a cold shoulder to the public library the church is refusing to make use of one of the most powerful aids that could be offered her for the fulfilment of her mission.

The modern library began to work with groups when it began its work with children. Since that day, quite within the memory of most of us, it has taken on teachers, the foreign born, the industries, business men, hospitals, the military service, and many others. Group service has been rapidly and successfully extended until it forms a network over the whole field of the community.

Contact with groups has been facilitated both by the feeling that in-

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itiative in service could properly be assumed by the library, and by the discovery that library service by no means ends with the provision of books or even of material in print, that it is a matter of social contact. Many librarians have become so thoroughly adjusted to the social contact of the library with groups that they are almost ready to throw overboard the old name of library altogether, and consider that they are conducting community clubs, whose chief aim must be to encourage mental contacts and reactions, and to store and distribute what must always be the chief tools through which these contacts and reactions are made effective — namely, books.

The purely experimental manner in which this group service has developed is evident from the fact that no comprehensive plan of it has ever been made. The group closest in contact, and therefore the one that was pressing hardest, has always been the one to receive attention — to be given room, supplies, and service. The groups that were already fairly well able to take care of themselves did not need, of course, to exert this pressure, hence service was extended to them later, or it still remains to be extended. Now the churches have always been among our best organized groups, and they have themselves felt, equally and at the same time with the library, the impulse toward socialization. The institutional church is the response—it is an American response, just as that of the library is. The older heads are as much scandalized to see dancing and eating, and community singing and politico-social discussion going on in the churches, as they were to witness the same things in libraries. It is because the church and the library have thus moved on parallel lines, that they have been so long in coming into contact. A denominational body, however, is limited on all sides in this social effort, in a way that can never be felt by a public institution like the library. In the last analysis every man has his own religion, just as he has his own philosophy — his mind is an isolated point in the field of belief. Churches are groups of these points so near each other as to feel sympathetic attraction. Some day we may have this sympathetic nearness throughout the whole field. Until it exists, we must rely on other means to get minds and spirits into universal contact, and this means the public library is now furnishing to a greater extent than either churchmen or non-churchmen yet realize.

There is one valuable piece of work that can be done by church and library together, and that is to labor for Christian unity. I do not mean by this a state of things where all Christian bodies think alike or do alike, much less an organic union, but a condition of affiliation, acknowledged or not, where they are willing to work side by side. There are not wanting plenty of practical evidences that this kind of unity is already here in some degree, and that more of it is on its way. There is the University of Toronto, an aggregation of denominational colleges — Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, Baptist, Methodist — each a residential and teaching institution, while the university itself gives all the degrees and instructs in purely non-religious subjects such as mathematics or logic. There are the religious houses going up in connection with many of our western universities. Originally social in their nature, a combination of dormitory and club house, these are beginning to assume also teaching functions, with

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the consent and approval of the universities. For example, Wesley House at Urbana, Illinois, an admirable and beautiful collegiate structure, is about to offer religious or semi-religious courses, for which the University of Illinois will give credits. The war drives, in which Catholic and Protestant bodies took part jointly, will occur to all. The library cannot afford to be left behind in such a movement, and indeed it has itself been a pioneer in some localities. The New York Public Library has several branches that originated as church libraries — both Catholic and Protestant — and sensibly no effort has been made to remove the religious element. Why should we not cater to strong regional church groups as well as to regional groups of industrials or scholars? In St. Louis one of our sub-branches is the Catholic Free Library, given over to our care by the Archbishop himself. I see no reason why branches should not specialize in Methodist or Unitarian literature. They do in Jewish literature, through the accident that the Jews are a racial and to some extent a linguistic as well as a religious group. One cannot well purchase a Hebrew collection without buying works on Jewish faith and practice. This is to a lesser extent true of other linguistic groups in which the overwhelming majority are of one faith, as with the Greeks, the Russians, the Italians, or the Spanish.

The odd, the almost unbelievable thing is, that most religious groups in this country seem to be as unaware of the public library as we are of them. I will make but two exceptions — the Roman Catholics and the Christian Scientists. The Roman Catholics have been active in public library matters ever since I have known anything about public libraries. They have operated public libraries of their own and they have not hesitated to affiliate with tax-supported libraries, or to become merged in them. There are Roman Catholics who shun the public library or who look askance at it, but of those who seek it and work with it, as I have known them, I must say that their attitude has been liberal. They object to violent or scurrilous attacks on their faith, and ask to have books containing these removed from the shelves. I do not blame them. But they do not want a purely religious collection.

The Christian Scientists apprehend the library intensively in limited directions. They have committees whose business it is to see that all libraries are well supplied with "Science and Health", and they encourage the purchase of some other books. I have never known them to protest against the presence in a library of attacks on their faith, although there are some pretty stiff ones. But they are very persistent in their objections to the classification of such attacks under Christian Science. There is something to be said in favor of such a view, but so long as we put critiques of Comte under positivism and agnostic treatises under religion, we shall have to treat all controversial books in the same way. Occasionally a high-church Episcopalian will object to our use of the word "Catholic", or to our treating pre-Reformation liturgical material as if it belonged only to the Roman branch of the church.

Outside of these evidences of religious interest, I have never known, from my library contacts with readers, whether they were Baptists or Mohammedans, Buddhists or Methodists. I account this a fault of my own. It is strange that the religious group is the only body that the librarian has

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not gone out to seek with some activity. We long ago ceased to blame plumbers, or manufacturers of textiles, or Hungarians, or business men, if they did not use the library. We are recognizing that such failure is our failure. It may be theirs too; but we can mend our own ways rather more quickly than other people's, and so we soon learned to go out after these gentry and to return with more or less willing bunches of them. But who ever heard of a librarian going out after a Methodist, or a United Presbyterian, or a Congregationalist? The very suggestion makes one smile; and yet some of these are quite as good game as engineers, or aviators, or students of Gaelic.

Here I may anticipate an interruption: "How about the Sunday Schools?" We have long been treating Sunday Schools as groups, but not as religious groups. The old Sunday School library was a joke. In my boyhood, "Sunday School book" meant unreadable, mock-pious stuff of the variety turned out by the ton from the mills of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge in London, and from other similar ones in our own fair land. This type of library is not yet extinct — more's the pity — but it has been altered or greatly modified, largely, I believe, by the influence of the public library. In some cases the part of the library devoted to general reading has been abandoned, the children being sent to the public library. In others, the type of book distributed has been improved. So far, however, the influence of the public library has been away from religious instruction rather than in aid of it. I see no reason why the Sunday School group should not be given the aid that is not withheld from other groups, and why a branch library should not contain a small collection of instructional religious works. These would include general titles and also books for the special use of the denominations whose churches are in the immediate vicinity. This might well form part of a general effort to supply more books on denominational subjects.

Our libraries are generally deficient in religious reference books. We buy lists of English peers and of American dealers in plumbing supplies, but we neglect the official clergy lists of our churches. Every library of good size should include what I may call the official literature of each church — its year book, with a list of its clergy, its fundamental law, whatever that may be termed in each case, its statement of doctrine, its liturgy if it has any, and its authorized book or books of hymns. If extended to all the principal denominations this collection alone would constitute a very respectable library; its limits, of course, will be determined by the necessities of the case. Most of it may be bought once for all; the annuals should be purchased as they appear. To these should also be added, however, considerable unofficial material: the history of the denomination, the lives and chief works of its principal divines, plans and descriptions of some of its noteworthy church buildings, and so on.

Much of this will introduce the librarian to men, doctrines, and events that he never heard of before, although probably they are no more remote from his ordinary life than the contents of Maxwell's "Electricity" or a grammar of the Gaelic tongue. We buy these, not because we know and appreciate them ourselves, but because somebody else does. When we think that the religious groups are worth

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attracting and attaching as well as the electricians and the philologists, we shall at least divide our attention.

All these things will be parts of the library's contribution toward Christian unity, as I understand that much abused term and as I am using it here. The first thing that we need, here as elsewhere, is a survey of faith and order; and with all the work done toward unification of Christianity, I cannot see that this has ever been touched, perhaps not even sensed as a necessary element. Yet how can we reconcile Presbyterian and Baptist, Protestant and Catholic — nay, look abroad and ask how we can bring together Buddhist and Mohammedan, Tao and Shinto, unless we know what now separates them? Much of this is on record, but it is nowhere assembled. What Christian bodies believe in justification by faith? Which have more than one order in the ministry? Which are Congregational in government? Which have bishops? Which believe in the apostolic succession? Do all accept the Apostles Creed exactly as most of us recite it? I need not go on. The fact is that no one Christian body knows exactly how near or how far it is from others. It fails to recognize its closest neighbor.

The first step toward a general, intelligent recognition of points of agreement and difference is the assemblage of material, and it is such an assemblage that the library would be making, if it should proceed as I advise. I do not advise for this purpose filling the shelves with controversy, and buying works intended to convert Protestants to Catholicism and Unitarians to Methodism; but I do think that we ought to have the facts. It is a fact that a body of persons believe in a stated thing, whether that thing is true or not; and for purposes of record, of survey, these facts we must and should have somewhere.

Of the inspirational literature of religion, I need scarcely speak. We are less derelict in our duty here, probably, than in any other branch of the subject. Much of it is not denominational — it is merely Christian. It is in the realm of feeling rather than in that of reason that men first get together. Here we have already the Christian unity of the spirit. "The Imitation of Christ", "The Pilgrim's Progress"—these and a hundred other religious classics we have on our shelves already. Yes; and what do we do with them? Will the librarian who recommends to a reader the "Journal of John Woolman", of which she herself never heard until we knew that dear old President Eliot liked it, recommend also "De Imitatione Christi"? If not, why not? Did any librarian ever urge anyone to read the Bible? Must we not force ourselves to realize that religion is qualified to bear a larger part in the lives of most of our readers than even the Theory of Groups or the fate of the Lost Digamma? Even Mr. Wells, who thinks the American Civil War of only sufficient world significance to warrant the expenditure of a paragraph, and Abraham Lincoln as not worth mention, spends many a page on Buddha, and Mohammed, and even on Jesus Christ. No, religion is still a world force! Librarians cannot be the universal educators — the union of social forces — that they aspire to be, without working with it and toward it. If there is

> One far-off divine event
> To which the whole creation moves,

the library must perforce move with it.

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THE JOURNAL OF TIMOTHY TUBBY

Being the American Diary of the Famous British Novelist

With Notes by Theresa Tubby

And Sketches by Golomy Burch (Herb Roth)

CHAPTER III

I Spend the Night in Jail

"WELL! Well!" and a hovering gentleman who seemed on all sides of us at once spoke breathlessly. "If here isn't the great Tubby, himself! Do you and Mrs. Tubby just stand still a second. *Only* a second, and, Mrs. Tubby, look at that beautiful stuffed bird on the wall. That's it, smile! It's my favorite bird, the Fatu-ous-a-Bird. Its eggs are epigrams. They spoil very rapidly. Sometimes they're even bad when laid. Now! Oh! What a beautiful smile, Mrs. Tubby, and how often I've heard of that lovely Tubby smile. We must have a picture of you just as you're being introduced to literary New York. There! Now! That's all right! *Here* we are! Oh, yes, so you haven't; haven't met me, I mean. But that's all right, old boy. I'm Art Starbuckle, and what a charming green tie you are wearing. All the rage now with dinner coats, and just like mine. Quite correct. How easily you Englishmen do catch on! Wish Americans were as quick at absorbing the culture of dear old England."

Here we were at last in the famous Bevo Club, that pasture for patrons of pleasure, as it has been so aptly called by Starbuckle, its founder.

"Isn't it just like a page cut from 'The Cravat'?" he asked us proudly. "The Cravat — For Men Only" is the magazine that Art edits. Since I naturally did not care to say that I had never seen it, I nodded and smiled.

What did the Bevo Club look like? A futurist art gallery? No. Marie Antoinette's chicken coop? No. A Paris hotel? No. Oh, I had it! It looked exactly like a —

But Theresa here interrupted the train of my thought. She was asking Mr. Starbuckle what the requirements for membership are.

"Trifling, trifling," he replied. "Each member must own a shooting box, have legs that measure not less than six and not more than ten inches around the calf, have written at least one act of a play, be able to talk in Esperanto, and to wear a pearl grey hat without blushing."[1]

It seemed fair enough. We looked about us. In all this array of light and beauty, is it not strange that, possessing the unusually psychic intuition of a true artist, I did not realize what a dreadful evening was in store for me, what tragedy, nay, what dual tragedy was to overtake me? Alas, alack! But more of that anon.

1 This embarrassed poor Timothy very much. He never plays golf because he can't bear to appear in knickers. *Thr. Tb.*

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"In literary New York everyone must have his stunt"

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"What's this?" Theresa was pointing to a most elaborate weighing machine just within the door.

"Oh!" Starbuckle laughed. "Those are scales for measuring cleverness. An invention of Tommy Mascot's. We do not allow anyone who is heavy-minded to enter here. We don't believe in mixing fluff with solidity. Above all, we must never be bored for a second. They take it well, though, poor souls, and if they find that they're growing heavy, they either reduce brain power, or leave us completely. Usually they are just as bored as we are, so that compensates. Here's a little group of 'em now; they asked to be allowed to stay a few moments, just so they could speak to you."

"Don't you mind a bit," Theresa soothed them. "If they weighed *us* I've no doubt that they'd find us heavy, too. Meanwhile do tell us who you are, and I'm sure that Mr. Starbuckle will give you each a piece of French pastry to take home to the children — I'm sure that you *have* children."

They nodded, as if they were afraid to acknowledge such a fact in the Bevo Club.

"And who are you?" She addressed her remark to a heavy-shouldered, grey-headed gentleman with kind eyes.

"Oh, I once wrote a book that was called 'The American Epic' by the best critics. It is known in Europe and read widely in America, but though it is written in a simple, straightforward way, it does not please the younger critics, who tell me that I am still under the veil of puritanism. You see, I have no place here."

"Of course not, old dear, now run along." Mr. Starbuckle gave him a kindly shove. "You should dye your hair, take an apartment at the Plaza, appear intoxicated at the Palais Royal, label yourself an interpreter of modern life, flirt with other men's wives at country clubs and make notebooks of their shocking remarks, characterize with 'damns', and put bright orange covers on your books. Do all this, and wear a red geranium in your buttonhole; then you'll be able to come back again for reweighing."

Next came a lady with brilliant hair and an aristocratic manner obviously displayed. She leaned forward and whispered in my ear:

"I padded myself so as to be considered heavy. It's not fashionable, therefore it's aristocratic. Don't tell your wife, but I'm really just as superficial as she is."

Then she went on talking in high tones so that everyone in the room could hear:

"Why do the young people go on writing about unpleasant things? Who wants to know how a member of the other half lives? Just because your shoes touch mud is no reason why you should acknowledge that mud exists. I and my generation had our vices, I'll admit; but we didn't talk about them, and we preferred not to consider those who did. Well bred people are never frank; and it was only well bred people who read our novels. They don't want to read about cab drivers and stokers. Where is the tradition of Henry James? What has become of delicacy and taste? The literature of the drawing room is coming to be the literature of the sewer. Propaganda for mud I call it!"

"Make way! Make way!" An impressive shout was heard.

"What shall we do?" I gasped.

"Stand perfectly still and do not be alarmed," the ever watchful and thor-

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oughly impeccable and exceedingly tactful Starbuckle breathed. "It's T.N.T."

We saw T.N.T. at last. One could observe immediately that he was a shy man. He had a shy walk. He did not seem to notice that he was the centre of attention. At his heels were two little dogs with eager eyes.

"Those are publicity hounds," Starbuckle explained in a whisper. "They are quite docile and will hurt no one."

Just at that moment T.N.T. reached into his pocket and brought forth something in one of his shy hands.

"See!" hoarsed Starbuckle. "He's throwing them crumbs. What a kind man! Now, he's coming to speak to you."

"Ah! Tubby!" T.N.T. pierced me with a glance of his Satanic and majestic eyes. "So you're Tubby! You write absurd books." Then turning to Theresa, "But oh, madam, how beautifully those curls lie along the back of your neck!"

He looked sadly at me again.

"On the sixtieth page of your last book, Tubby, there are three 'verys', and on the one hundred and twentieth you have made your heroine say, 'I have told you whosoever I have embraced'. . . . You should take to working out cross-word puzzles. It would improve your style. If you play tennis better than you write, let's have a set some time."

I could not but respect his powers of observation.

Starbuckle now led us to the dinner table. It was elaborately decorated with lemon trees. Suddenly each one of us was presented with a lemon. Inside my lemon was a note. It said:

TUBBY —
Do take lunch with me on Friday.
R. T. T.

I turned to the young gentleman at my right, feeling as I did so helpless without the guiding hand of Theresa, who was far away from me at the other end of the table.

"What does this mean?" I asked.

"It's a bid from R.T.T.," said this young fellow (for he was indubitably young, and seemed always worried). "You want to be careful. He's an enterprising publisher. He'll get your next book at any cost. Why, he once locked me in a room, with champagne and plenty of beefsteak, until I had turned out a novel for him. He'll get his throat cut some day. I happen to know personally that he's watched constantly by private detectives hired by all the other publishers in America. It's a dangerous game, publishing. But have you heard what Tommy Mascot said about me? I haven't been able to write for a week. Why doesn't he like me? You must have seen him recently; has he said anything to you about me?"

Suddenly I felt a tickling at the back of my neck, and looking out the corner of my eye I saw that it was part of a black and white whisker bobbing, as it were, in signal. Ah, the faithful Vernay, disguised as a negro waiter. That invaluable publicity agent of ours, always ready to prompt me at the slightest need.

"Tell him Mascot said he was the most promising poet in America!" the whisker signaled in the Morse code.

I did as I was bid.

"Promising!" shrieked the young man. "Did he say that? The blackguard. As if everyone didn't acknowledge that I'd passed far beyond the promising stage."

For once Vernay had failed me. The young gentleman would not be satisfied.

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I turned to the young lady on my right.

"Who are those people?" I asked softly.[2]

On a raised dais at the end of the room was a group of ladies and gentlemen seated about a round table. They were acting in what then seemed to me a strange manner; but I afterward learned that they were simply doing "stunts". In literary New York everyone must have his or her stunt. These are done either during or after dinner, and are heartily applauded by all. The same stunt may be done for a year. If it is repeated for two years, the applause is not so eager. This particular set of persons is famous for the camaraderie its members show in appreciating one another's accomplishments. At the moment, one young gentleman was balancing on his head in the middle of the table.

"Do the baby! Do the baby!" A general shout arose.

"See, only see, Ted is going to do the baby!" My dinner companion roused me by her excited tones.

Doing the baby, it seems, in America, is a painful ordeal through which young authors must pass before they are allowed to sit with the gentlemen and ladies on the dais. It consists in wailing like a baby — it may be like any baby, or like one particular baby. This last seems to be a matter of choice.

An embarrassed young man with glasses now arose.

"But", he stammered, "I've done the baby so many times. You must be sick of it by now."

"Oh no! Oh no!" they chorused. "Never! You're such a beautiful baby. Go ahead, Ted! We must have the baby."

Indeed it was a most realistic interpretation. He cried. He screamed. He drooled. He turned somersaults up and down the table.

"Isn't he clever?" demanded Miss Shaft (for I afterward learned that to be her name). "And isn't the Younger Generation wonderful? I've tried to bring a message to them in my book."

The gentleman on my left whispered in my ear:

"She plays an excellent game of checkers. That's her life work. Why should she write? She can't."

By this time I was thoroughly bewildered.

"Oh! Oh!" Again Miss Shaft pointed. "Tommy Mascot has come back from a Mrs. Fiske first night, just to do his imitation of a finale hopper for us. See! See!"

All I could see was my friend Mascot striding up and down the room with a tablecloth wrapped about his rotundity, and with unbuttoned and flopping overshoes.

"Very clever!" I took my cue from Miss Shaft. "But what's a finale hopper?"

"Oh Mr. Tubby, you know, something like a flapper[3], feminine for a cake eater."

Near me at the table a young man was rising slowly to his feet. I remembered having seen him on the boat the day of my arrival.

"Mr. Tubby", he commenced, "has come to America to promote friendship between England and America. Is he not much like the tailor in a

2 And Tubby pointed. I saw him point. This is a gesture which is taught American children from their earliest years. I have with great difficulty broken him of the habit. Every morning he says five times, "I must not point." *Thr. Tb.*

3 A flapper is any female over thirty who wears skirts higher than the knee. *Thr. Tb.*

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far country who once said to the king — "

"Not that one, not that one," came shouts from all about.

"Or like Nora, going out into the night and slamming — "

"No! No!" the shouts came again.

"To say nothing of the bloodhounds on a cake of ice — "

Again he was interrupted.

"Well, Mr. Tubby hasn't heard 'em anyway. Have you, Mr. Tubby?"

I shook my head.

"At any rate, Mr. Tubby will cement this union by writing a book about America, which will be brutally frank and which will be read only in America. Let me introduce Mr. Tubby, who will speak to you on, on, on — anything he likes."

I rose. There was tumultuous applause. I could feel Vernay's whiskers tickling my elbow. It was a comfort to know that he was near. I could see dear Theresa looking so white and worried at the distant place along the white path of the lemon strewn table. How I burned to make her proud of me! I should speak of ideals, of the lofty spirit of America as typified by the Woolworth tower, of the motherly attitude of John Bull. . . . I opened my mouth to speak —

"Do us a stunt! Do us a stunt!" shrieked Miss Shaft.

My knees began to tremble. Obviously I was not expected to speak. I was expected to do a stunt. But what stunt had I? Vernay was signaling violently with his agitated whiskers; but I was too nervous to decipher the code. Then Theresa's voice came, cool and lovely from the distance.

"Remember the green frog, Timothy," it said.

"Do the frog! Do the frog!" the shouts surrounded me. They beat in upon my soul, as I remembered that I had once amused a group of children by imitating a bull frog for them. Never mind, I told myself, you must come up to their expectations of you. When in Rome, etc. I leaped upon the table. Miss Shaft reached for my hand and gave it an encouraging squeeze.

"That's the good old boy!" she egged.

I crooked my knees, and bowed my head, making little hops in this direction and that.

"Garump! Garump! Rump-rump!" I groaned.

"See the 'ittle froggie," came an encouraging coo. "Nice frog," from another. "Clever lad!"

All the length of the table I garumped, until I was poised at the farther edge before Theresa herself. Art Starbuckle stretched out his hand to me.

"Superb imitation, Tubby," he said; "I didn't think it of you."

So! I had proved to them that an Englishman really is adaptable. I was a literary man among literary men. I had done my stunt.

Starbuckle assisted me to my feet.

"Well, old fellow, let's go out for a bite to eat. This will soon get to be a bore. We'll take just a small select crowd and go to the Fi-Fi Club."

"But we've just eaten," I protested.

"Oh, that doesn't matter," he assured me. "We'll be eating off and on from now until dawn."

We slipped quietly away, and into a waiting cab. Just before I left Vernay cautioned me.

"Don't hesitate to do anything you feel like. No matter what happens, it's all good publicity."

Alas, I had a chance to remember this later in the evening!

"Here's a book for you, Tubby," said Curtis Flash, a critic from Chi-

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cago, who seems still a trifle nervous in the metropolitan atmosphere and attempts to cover it by talking violently and unceasingly about a variety of topics. "It's by our American Rabelais," he explained. "Be careful of it. Better put it in an inside pocket. It's been suppressed. They were afraid that school children might read it and, since they are becoming more precocious each day, that some one of them *might* understand it. You mustn't be caught with it on you."

I tucked the book in my back pocket. Here we were at the Fi-Fi Club. I leaped out, intending that this should be my party. A noble figure of a man stopped me with a haughty gesture.

"Yes?" he said icily.

"What?" I parried.

"Yes?" he repeated.

"A table for six!" I adopted my customary English manner toward servants.

He looked at me slowly. I found myself wondering if my shoes were properly polished.

"There is no more room," said the superb figure of a man, and turned his broad back on me.

At this moment Art Starbuckle came forward.

"A table for six," he said; but in what dulcet tones. The inflections of that man's voice are as admirable as any I have heard in America. They command; but they also beseech. It is a gift.

"This way, sir, plenty of room," said the superb figure of a man. I do not understand the ways of the Fi-Fi Club.

Within all was soft lights and gaiety. We sat down and ordered non-alcoholic whisky. It is a curious drink, not unlike cold tea. I looked about me. Everywhere were stout young men, dancing affectionately with statuesque females. I was puzzled by the females. Bright hair, they had, and bright complexions; but on closer inspection I could see that the wrinkles about the eyes betrayed advancing age. Art leaned toward me.

"The Fi-Fi Club", he explained, "is Dr. Quill's playground. He's the famous psychoanalyst, you know. These are the women he advises. Most of them are well over sixty. They come to him complaining of neuroses. He finds that they are simply repressing their true youth. 'Be young,' he commands. So here they are, being young. Aren't they admirable? It doesn't work so well with husbands—they're more rheumatic. Fox trotting is inconvenient for stiff joints."

"Then who are the young men?" I asked.

"Oh, they're young bond salesmen," he replied. "There's nothing like soft lights and romance and the unloosening of repression to facilitate the sale of bonds. These same young men play golf in the daytime with these same ladies' husbands. It's business with them; but they seem to enjoy it."

"Couldn't I dance with one of the ladies?" I asked under my breath, for fear Theresa might hear. There was no danger. Mr. Flash was absorbing all her ocular senses with an outpouring concerning French literature and æsthetics.

"But you have no bonds to sell," Art protested.

"I have books!" I appealed.

"Well, well, not tonight, Tubby, not tonight. I have other plans for you. We must have our dip before breakfast."

"Dip? Breakfast?" I was puzzled indeed.

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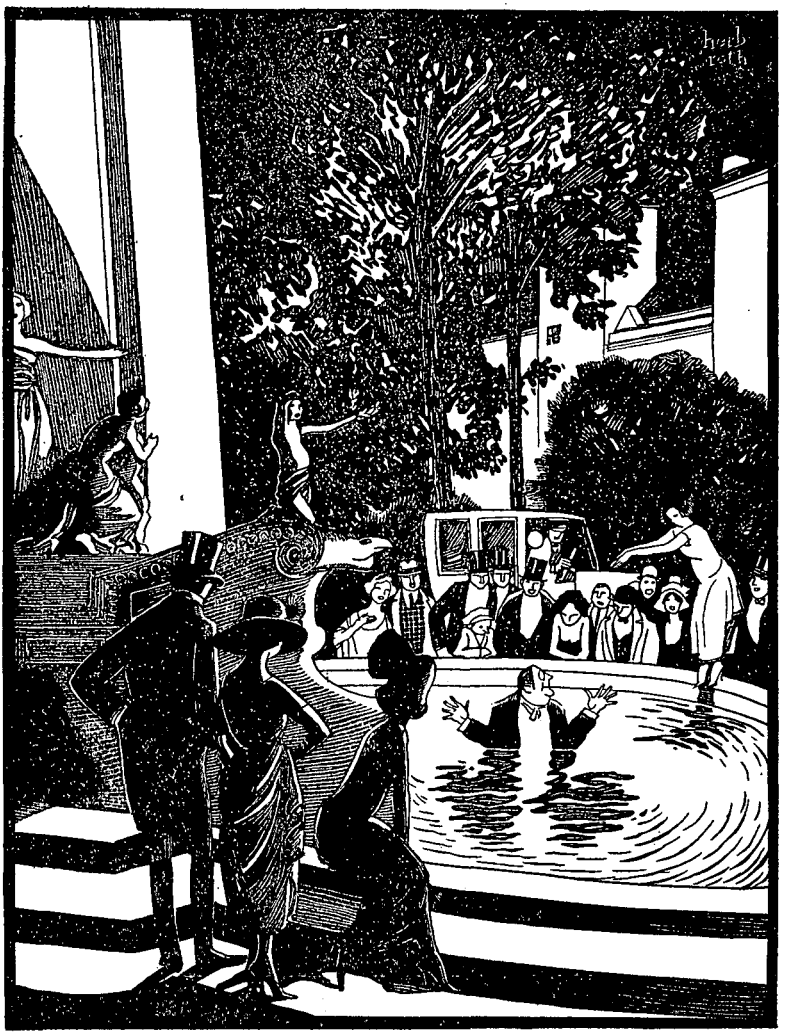

"I made the fatal plunge"

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Starbuckle was too rushed to explain. We were again on our way. Flash had not ceased talking of the highest in Art. We were speeding uptown. We stopped. Art aided us to alight.

"This", he waved his hand about him, "is Columbus Circle, and here is the famous public fountain in which you shall now be given your baptism."

This puzzled me greatly. Was it true that Americans were in the habit of taking their baths in public? Nevertheless, I was docile. Quietly we approached the black waters of the fountain. A crowd gathered respectfully. Starbuckle, taking me by the hand, mounted to its rim.

"This", he announced loudly, "is Timothy Tubby, the famous English novelist. He has come, as all good English novelists should, to bathe in the waters of the city. This is the token of true democracy."

There were loud cheers. A young man leaped forward from the crowd.

"Reporter! Reporter!" he shouted. "Will you give me your first impressions of how the water feels? It will be either warm or cold. Tell me first."

I promised. As I stepped in, the crowd was hushed in awe.

"Down! Down!" commanded Starbuckle. I made the fatal plunge. The water closed over my ears. As I arose, a new shout was mingled with the plaudits of the people: "Police! Police!"

I felt immediately at home; but at the same time ill at ease.

"Get out of that there water!" came a voice.

I rose unsteadily. A burly figure stood before me.

"I'm onta you!" said the voice. "I know whatcha got in yer back pocket."

"Oh, officer", came the tactful tones of Starbuckle, "he's not a bootlegger, I assure you. It's only an English novelist."

"I know him," went on the policeman, for it was none other than No. 322 whom I had encountered earlier in the day. "Take that book out of yer back pocket."

I had forgotten the fatal volume. I reached for it. Dripping, I presented it to him.

Suddenly his rugged face became wet with real tears.

"So!" he grunted. "I been huntin' all over fer a copy of this here 'Jerkin' and now's I got it, it's all spoiled with yer foolin' in the founting. C'mon!"

"But you're not going to take him to court?"

"Better'n that I guess," said No. 322. "He sleeps tonight in jail. I guess I know none of you literary guys has got enough cash to bail him out."

Theresa was weeping; but no one seemed to offer pecuniary assistance. The reporters had now taken out their pocket Coronas and were waiting for a statement from me. The clang of the patrol wagon was heard in the distance.

"I am happy to spend a night in an American jail," I began. "My ancestor Charles Dickens was interested in prison reform. Am I prouder than Mr. Pickwick or Sam Weller? Shall I not be delighted to see how this great city treats its criminals?"

Without ceremony I was bustled into the patrol wagon. But in my cell that night I found the first intelligent American I had met. He was a pickpocket. We discussed literature until dawn. So it was I found the true heart of literary America.

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FIVE POEMS FROM THE GAELIC

By Donn Byrne

THE five poems here translated were extremely well known in southern Ulster fifteen years ago, in Omeith, and in the district of Killevy. "The Coolin", or "The Girl with the Grand Fair Head", and "The Red Haired Man's Wife" are the best known love songs in Ireland, and have very beautiful melodies. To the air of "The Coolin" Thomas Moore wrote "Though the last glimpse of Erin". And Katherine Tynan Hinkson has adapted "The Red Haired Man's Wife" into English metre as well as could be done, but it is rarely heard. John McCormack told me it was one of his favorites, but he could not sing it, because from the title the public insisted it was a humorous song! The melodies of these belong to what the peasantry call the *ceol sidhe*, or fairy music, and it is considered bad luck, or rather bad taste, to sing them in the neighborhood of the *raths*, or fairy forts. "The Roman Earl" has a rollicking square dance tune to it — a *rinnce fada*, or long dance, like a Virginia reel, and the pseudo-philosophical poem, "The Shallow World", is sung to a very lively slip jig. "Open the Door, Peter", I heard sung by a very old woman on Slieve Gullion, with an immensity of grace notes, a sort of chant, akin to what I have heard in a synagog.

I have put these down as you would hear them translated to you in a Gaelic district, if you were to ask some old fisherman, or old woman bent by the fire, what he or she was singing, and they were assured that you were sincerely anxious to know, and not actuated by a desire to laugh or patronize. . . . I translate them from my own memory, Gaelic having been, in my boyhood, as native to me as the English tongue.

THE GIRL WITH THE GRAND FAIR HEAD

(*An Chuilfhionn*)

Let you get up now, servant boy, night or no night, and slap the saddle on the wee mare. Right this moment I'm off to have a look at the woman is putting pain in my heart. I've been sitting at the fire, and the memory of her voice has come to me, nine times more melodious than the first cuckoo of spring.

They all do be looking at my girl of fair tresses and she in the middle of the fair, the grand complexion that's on her, the corn-poppies of her cheeks, the perfect form of her beauty — every strong farmer's son that sees her thinks he has a chance of bringing her to his house of strong rafters.

They all do be looking at my girl of fair tresses and she walking the meadows of a June morning, the wee silver dew upon her shoes — they all do be thinking of marrying her. By God! They can think again.

Ach, sure you're my sister and my warm secret, you're my love, my inspiration. You're the cool green glade of the young men every day in the week. Your face is like the rose itself, and you've the swan's white curve to the neck of you. 'Tis the great hardship on me I am not where you're making your gentle bed.

Do you mind that night we were conversing at your window together? The wee secret squeeze you gave my fingers. I stretched myself by your side, and in my heart was no evil, and we were together, talking quietly, until I heard the lark shaking his song.

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'Tis the hard way your poet is in, now, darling, no silver at him, nor expectation of gold, his coat in tatters, and him without a second shirt. Not even a brown penny in my pocket — may the Son of God look in kindness on me! I promised you twice, before I kissed you on the mouth, that I would never ask you to marry me.

Childeen, I'm going to take that back, so I must, gentleness, o kind one, be loving and brave. Don't put by the love of your heart just because he's poor. Make a wee vault over the window now, and be hitting the road with me. I swear — I'll swear on the Bible or on anything on earth — that the Son of God will not leave us without our meal in the evening. . . . .

THE RED HAIRED MAN'S WIFE

(*Bean an Fhir Ruaidh*)

There's great talk in the country, yourself that has the seagull beaten for whiteness. They do be saying that 'tis yourself has the pleasant kissing mouth. They do be saying that 'tis yourself has the slim neat ankle over a buckled shoe. They do be saying this, too, that it's the great fool I've made of myself, with my running here and there at the beck of the Red Haired Man's Wife.

Well, I'll admit it. Why should I conceal what everyone has knowledge of? Your bosom is whiter than any swan that swims on waves. And the rose of the bushes hasn't the red of your cheeks. And where is the cuckoo will sing melodiously and you opening your mouth to speak? And every tress that comes on your head has a finer feel to it than Chinese silk.

I once thought, so I did, that there would be one house between me and you. And I thought after that it would be my own child you would be soothing. May the curse of the King of Heaven blast the one who took my good name from me, him and the whole damned lying pack that put strangeness between you and me!

O blossom-girl of the slender shape, I put a hundred thousand blessings from me to you. I am broken hearted — you won't believe it, but I'm near death itself — for want of touching you every hour. If I had the gift of coaxing women, I might put into your understanding the great hardships that are on me. When Sergeant Death asks me have I any statement to make and he arresting me, all I'll say is this: My hundred loves are the Wife of the Red Haired Man!

By God! girl, if I were in Dublin city, and in prison there, bound adroitly, bolts on my wrists and ankles and a chain around my waist, and I thought there was a chance of you, I would spring free as a swan springs over a breakwater, for one kiss from the mouth of the Red Haired Man's Wife. . . . .

THE ROMAN EARL

(*An t Iarla Bhi 'San Roimh*)

The man that puts affection on women, a great fool he is surely. They're not the same as men are. And another thing: When they're burying a man they ought to keep these women out of it.

There was a clever fellow in Rome — an earl he was, no less —, a rich man used have gold cups for drinking from, and about him and his wife there's a strange story told:

These two were lying down side by side on a bed of feathers, and be damned but if the earl didn't let on he was dying to find out what she'd say.

"Och, och", she screeches, "if you die, what would I be without you? Every red penny I have", she says, "I'd give to the poor. And silk and satin and gold would be the garment I'd have made for you, and you going into the tomb," says she. Ah, she was the tricky one.

And with that what did the old boy do, but let on he's dead entirely. And did she keep a word she promised? Will you wait — will you be patient until I be telling you!

The next damned thing he found himself was in a hearse on the street, and lo and behold ye! a yard of coarse canvas tied around his middle, not reaching his hips. Boys, oh boys! it was shameful.

So she ups and beautifies herself something grand, and trots off to the graveyard with himself. And devil a penny did she give to the Church of God, nor alms to a poor man would be needing it.

And just as she was starting back for home, he gives a jump out of the grave: "And this is a damned funny way of burying me," says he; "and me nearly naked!"

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Do you think he phased her? Not a bit of it. She had an excuse on the tip of her tongue, even then, when you'd think he'd had her shamed.

"Darling", says she, "they're out of date, these winding sheets. I fixed you that way, so you'd be supple", says she, "and you beating the rest of them on the race to the Throne of Glory. The others would be as if they were tied in bags and you'd be leaping like a hare."

No matter what affection you have for women, remember, they're changeable as the wind. They'd fool the Greeks, they would so. And cheat. Look at all the grand linen herself had in the house, and she grudged him a yard would cover his nakedness.

So the cunning old earl says, says he, and he never winked an eye: A man ought to take care and buy himself a decent funeral before he leaves his money to his wife. And when he knows he's dying, says he, he ought to keep quiet about it. He oughtn't to let out a sigh or groan, says he, would give her a hint at all.

THE SHALLOW WORLD

(An Saoghal Slim)

A queer bitter thing it is — if you're a rich man, there'll never be disgrace on you, no matter were to kill all Connacht, but if you're a poor man, you've got no sense, no uprightness. . . . .

Sure isn't it myself that knows it? When I had a stockingful of money, you never saw a fellow with so many relatives and friends, but since it's gone from me it is, I haven't seen sight or sign of anyone for a month. When I go to fair it's invisible I am. They must think when my money died, I died too.

But if I had a trunkful of money again, and me with no more sense than a clucking hen, sure they'd say that Solomon was a overrated man, and they hearing the foolish cracks I would be making.

But now that I haven't a cow, nor a shilling in the teapot, nor a bag of flaxseed nor a field might be plowed, if I were giving lessons to Harry Stattle (Aristotle) himself, they'd say: What is that damned fool talking about?

I spent my money, and all I bought for it was experience that it's a shallow world is in it, and poor-hearted creatures. It's a bad purchase I've made, I'm thinking, for my philosophy won't buy the filling of a pipe, or the draining of a wee half-glass. I wish I had my money back. I do so.

OPEN THE DOOR, PETER

(Fosgail an doras, a Pheadair!)

Let you be opening the door now, Peter, since that's the appointment you've received in heaven. Let you be giving me a hand in. My soul alone wants to enter.

If I'm in any state to get in, let you leave the way free. Three things are trying to trip me up and hold me down and me on the path of grace.

The three — need I be naming them? — the devil, and the desires of the body, and the world that is destroying us — o God, I hope you conquer all of them.

It's no easy thing to get by, Peter, for they're powerful fighters, the three of them. A great battle they'll put up and me trying to get to the gates.

And o Mary Mother, if you hear a mighty conflict going on, and Peter is in a surly mood that day, let you be taking the keys in your own hand, and untwist the rusty lock of heaven. . . .

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THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

IX: STUART P. SHERMAN

With a Caricature by William Gropper

AS Gargantua, according to the record, the moment he was born cried out in a masterful voice demanding liquor, so Stuart P. Sherman, according to a record equally authentic, asked physician, midwife, nurse, neighbor, and all the other bystanders what the devil "these young people" were doing there. He was, it is true, as young as any within hearing, but he had come into the world with one element of his technique already perfected. Ever since, he has been forcing "these young people" to stand and deliver him some reason why they should exist and why they should be so little like the classics.

Let it not be thought that he is actually the snow-bearded Rhadamanthus he is sometimes thought to be. Though he is older than the Younger Generation, he is — to put it in round numbers — a year younger than H. L. Mencken and Joseph Hergesheimer and Ernest Poole and Carl Van Vechten; two years younger than James Branch Cabell and Vachel Lindsay; three years younger than Upton Sinclair and Henry Seidel Canby and Carl Sandburg; five years younger than Willa Cather and Sherwood Anderson; six years younger than Robert Frost, seven than Amy Lowell and Clarence Day, ten than Theodore Dreiser, and twelve than Edgar Lee Masters. He is the senior by only one year of Ludwig Lewisohn and George Jean Nathan and James Oppenheim; by only two years of Francis Hackett; by only three years of Sara Teasdale; by only four years of Sinclair Lewis and Carl Van Doren and Louis Untermeyer; by only five of Van Wyck Brooks, and six of Floyd Dell, and seven of Heywood Broun. He has used less critical muscle in spanking his juniors than in skinning his contemporaries.

Sherman seems older than he is for the reason that he was nearly the earliest of his generation to achieve any solid fame. He took the road by which it is always easiest for a young man to arrive at a reputation for subtlety and wisdom: he allied himself with his elders in discontent with the turbulence of youth. In 1908 there was no "New Republic", no "Freeman", no open-columned "Literary Review", no BOOKMAN sensitive to the latest moment, no new "Dial", and no new "Nation". Only the old "Nation", with Paul Elmer More as literary editor, gave serious criticism half a chance. More discovered Sherman and Sherman justified his editor's confidence. How he eviscerated poor George Moore! How he decorated his barn door with the hide of Dreiser! How he ranked H. G. Wells among the windy angels of Utopia and denied that the man was talking about the real world at all! How, one after another, Sherman punctured humanitarianism and dissected sentimentalism and slit the gullet of naturalism! He

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Sketched by William Gropper

Stuart P. Sherman

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was witty, he could be eloquent, he had dramatic force, he wrote like a cynical seraph. Many people began to look up, and several began to look up to him.

Then something happened. The war tumbled the established structure of opinion about the ears of young and old, and it was the young who first poked their heads out of the tangle of laths and the heaps of plaster. All of a sudden there were new poets and new critics and new novelists in every quarter. They founded organs and got a hearing and took revenges. Not entirely by accident did they choose Sherman to be their special target for anathema. He was the wit among their rivals. He had himself started the vendetta and he had spared no one. He had planted exploding darts in the sturdy neck of Mencken. He had disturbed the fastidious steps of Van Wyck Brooks. He had raised the lily white banner of Anglo-Saxonism and had vexed, besides Francis Hackett, Jew and German and Scandinavian and cosmopolitan and pagan. He had swallowed Woodrow Wilson whole.

Yet it is not fair to single him out as the uncritical choragus of the Old Guard. He has always despised Brander Matthews; he has traveled far from his early satisfaction with Irving Babbitt; he would cross bayonets any day with Paul Elmer More on the topic of democracy. Remember how he comprehends and praises Mark Twain and how gorgeously he mocked the complacent toryism of Alfred Austin. He knows he talked and wrote a good deal of nonsense during the war. Though he seems so essentially a midwesterner that a writer in the Richmond "Reviewer" lately undertook to reconstruct Urbana, Illinois from the mere fact that Sherman lives and works there, he thought "Main Street" the best novel of 1920 and still thinks so. He has recently come to have a positive reverence for Whitman. In his newest book, a selection from the prose and verse of Emerson, he uses for a motto that radical dictum of his author: "Man is a fagot of thunderbolts." It troubles Sherman, no doubt, to be forever regarded as a conservative. It must sadden him. It may even make him, in certain introspective moments, bewail his fate.

It has not yet, however, taught him to stop his incessant digs at "these young people"—a mannerism which enrages the young, with whom he is not nearly so much out of sympathy as he forces them to think, and which bores many of his coevals and his elders who sicken of that tiresome sport. It happens that this mannerism of his has been encouraged by almost all the facts of his career. Peep behind the scenes. He was a prize boy at Williams College; academic hands applauded him through the Harvard graduate school; there were many academic gates wide for him when he came out. In the University of Illinois he climbed the hard steps of promotion so fast that at thirty he was a full professor and had already begun to reap the crop of invitations by which envious universities have sought to tempt him to other learned groves. From the first, responsibility has sat upon his shoulders. He has been a pillar, an arbiter, a last resort, a throne. He has had to walk cautiously among the elder statesmen of his bailiwick; he has had to assume maturity to match his power over his numerous subordinates. Compelled to administer and to account for his administration, he has been too busy ever to have the fling which his years deserved. Is it any wonder that he seems immemorially four-square? Is it any wonder that he has come to be

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curt with the irresponsible, to be cool toward the impassioned, to be the challenger of experiment, to be the upholder of the true and tried? Is it too much a wonder that, shaped in New England and the middle west, and innocent of travel in any country where English is not spoken, he remains unawakened to the cultures of racial stocks besides his own?

No, responsibility has cut him off from many of his kind and age, as if he were a crown prince somewhere and had to live in the broad eye of noon. But let no one think that Sherman has always been a pillar of his state. In his Harvard days, grubbing among the grammars into which the system forced him, he swore dreadfully. There he discovered the austerity of Pater and the softness of Thoreau; there he ransacked the decadents, from purple Rome to yellow Nineties, and specialized in the more immoral Elizabethans; once done with Harvard, he bludgeoned its manner of literary study till the welkin shook. The philologers then hated him like vulgar poison. The recalcitrant among the scholars then rallied round him. So, too, when he first went to Illinois from Massachusetts, he was full of brash irreverences, an æsthete stranded in a village, homesick Ovid among the honest Goths. Where another man would have flown the coop in irritation, Sherman buried himself in Boswell's "Johnson" and learned how to rule a clucking roost. He buried himself in Burke and learned how, while distrusting revolutions, to fit his stride to the progress of a race. He buried himself in Matthew Arnold and learned how to test all things by the best. Yet beneath these crusts of discipline there were—and are—hots fires in him. He has a gusto, an insolence, a rage of his own, for all he so unmercifully knifes cruder gustoes, insolences, rages. If only he would feel a little less of that damned responsibility! If only he would act a little less as if every new author were some raw sophomore badly in need of a perspiring session on the diaconal carpet!

Well, any critic good enough to be worth criticizing is this sort of man or that, but not all sorts or no human sort at all. If Sherman is far from being a William Lyon Phelps, a literary tea taster greeting each new spoonful with uncensored approbation, so is he far from being a Paul Elmer More, sulking perpetually in his tent with Plato and Racine and such large deer. Sherman shudders at the hilarious Rabelais but he understands the intelligent Montaigne; he hates the expansive humanitarian but he loves the essential democrat; he grins at aristocracies but he stands for excellence; he asks for form in art but he responds to various colors which leave the formalist cold; he craves order but he is not wholly comfortable in a cemetery. Were he a little more alive to current literature he might lack his gift of studying the transitory under a learned light; were he a little further sunk in learning, he might forget the living altogether. This stark position of his isolates him. Imagine what Brander Matthews thinks of him for his public praise of Ludwig Lewisohn's account of the unmaking of an American. Guess what Katharine Fullerton Gerould thinks of him for his pillorying of her snobbishness. See what Burton Rascoe thinks of him for his puritan enthusiasms and proprieties. Inquire of the younger poets what they think of his attitude toward their novel practices in verse. There he sits in his midwestern study and swings

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the lash, while innumerable lions, big and little, snap back at him. He could not do that effectively if he were not a personage as well as a scholar and a critic. And he is a personage. He is one of the finest and strongest the country has.

It is a lamentable thing that he should have become a legend through being so long a voice of which so few have seen the body. His victims fancy that his temper is querulous, when in reality it is eminent and profound and packed with laughter. He fancies wrong things about his victims from seeing them solely in their books or in their piqued replies to him. It would do everybody good if he and Mencken could swap confidences about the tastes they have in common for careful linen and superior cigars and bitter ale: thereafter fur and feathers might fly less superfluously from their controversies. It would do Sherman good to have a flyting with Edna St. Vincent Millay: thereafter he might not bully women quite so recklessly. It would do Van Wyck Brooks good to learn from Sherman how much generous susceptibility to abundance of life can go with a temper as classical as his own. It would do conservatives and radicals alike, of all hues, tendencies, and degrees, good to see Sherman and, say, J. E. Spingarn or Maxwell Bodenheim quarreling in candid language. For want of such relieving frays, exasperation multiplies and the Sherman legend grows.

PEERING WATER

By John Russell McCarthy

ALL afternoon I lay in the warm still water,
Rolled and floated and hurried and stayed
The whole bright afternoon in the water under the sun.

I thought I was a kid again and made a virtue
Of never touching the bottom the whole afternoon.

Rolling and floating, I thought I was twenty years younger,
But tonight, when I heard the frog bullyrumming like a goodfellow,
I knew it was not twenty years but a million years:
Our gills are gone the way of the useless —
Our brains have grown from a cell to a builder of heavens —
But what can Time do to a dream?

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"The Kid turned and waved his hat at me"

PAPAGO KID

A Story of the White Bean Country

By Mary Austin

With Sketches by Gwenyth Waugh

THE first time I met him, said the engineer of Socorro Float, who told me this story, was on the trail called Jornada del Muerte, Journey of Death, which sure is well named. And that's an odd sort of coincidence when you come to think of it. Jornada del Muerte is the only passable trail from Sonora to the California Gulf, and in the whole two hundred miles there are only two certain places where a man can find water. I was about all in myself when I reached the Tinajas Altas, and found this Papago Kid, as we afterward called him, camping alongside of it.

He'd had a bad fall making the first stage of the journey, and all the water his cracked canteen would hold wouldn't have kept a gopher's tongue from going black between there and Yuma. But there he was with his grub sack nearer empty than even yet I like to remember, but quite comfortable in his mind because he had begun to feel me come about the time I must have been sagging over Two Angels Dip twelve hours earlier. He said he had felt me there, and again at Cabeza de Torro, which is a way of talking I have noticed in men whose work keeps them loose in the open, as if they spread themselves with an odd kind of certainty over a great deal more territory than a man can actually cover with his five senses. But the Papago Kid . . . .

No, he wasn't a Papago. Irish. Black Irish from New Jersey. I've no doubt he was descended from kings and his people at home had a banshee, but all that was left of his Irish inheritance was the touch of mysticism and the incurable youth that started

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everybody calling him "Kid" as soon as they knew him. He told me his name once, but it is as "the Kid" we always spoke of him. "Papago" was added because of a kind of jealous infatuation he had for the country that is as lovely as a woman and has all a woman's trick of looking soft as a summer and being utterly ruthless. Also there was a girl over toward Comobabi—but that came afterward.

Naturally I took the Kid into Yuma with me and paid myself for it by lecturing him in a fatherly kind of way for roaming around reckless in a country that even the buzzards abandon.

"One of these days, Kid", I told him, "you'll be lying down between water holes and you won't get up again, and then what?"

"Oh then, my soul will go marchin' on," he flipped. "I was on my way", he said, "to see the palo verde bloom around Tumummoc. I don't doubt I'd have made it."

Somehow the country is like that; gets a grip on you that's stronger than anything living, stronger than death maybe . . . .

Well . . . I left the Kid at Yuma waiting for a train to take him back to Tucson in time for the palo verde. He had a little money, he told me, that came to him regularly, but I never found that he used it for any purpose but taking him from place to place in a country too big for any man to get around in satisfactorily on his own feet. For the little that he needed to live on—and it was little enough—he would tie up for a job of work for a few weeks or months at some of the mines. That was how I ran into him again at Quijotoa where I was cleaning up a lot of old tailings. He stayed with me the whole of one fall and winter, and I'd have given him anything in reason to keep him on, for the kid was the sort of company a man grows to hanker for when he is set down beside a hole in the ground years on end, a day and a half from anywhere in particular. He was better educated than the common run of mining men, and had read extensively the oddest, most unrelated things. He told me that he was quite alone, had been brought up by a maiden aunt who had died when he was about seventeen—it was from what she had left him that his remittance came—and that a year or two after her death a weakness of the lungs had developed. This had brought him to the west and the open, to Ashfork to be exact, and from there he had worked across between the Rio Grande and the Colorado, as far north as the Cañon de Chelly and south pretty much all over Sonora.

If you think that *you* have seen the west—I tell you it was the Kid's peepshow! For a matter of ten years nothing worth seeing went on in it, but waited until he had arrived from Mesa Verde or Indio or Chilchilicalli, for the curtain to go up.

I am a practical man, and an engineer. I deal with material things, and materials the most stubborn and irreducible, ores and raw metals and the solid matrix of the earth. But I ended by believing that the Kid had a special faculty for knowing what was, at any given moment, going on in any one of the places he loved.

"I'm feelin' the day at Oraibi," he would say. "The peach orchards at the foot of the third mesa will be bustin' out to bloom." Or, "You'll overlook my bein' late with the balance sheets, Mr. Strangworth, but there's a wind turnin' up the undersides of the sage beyond Tumummoc, white, like the feet of a girl under green water." It didn't in the least

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"You see that streak of road out there?" he said

matter that it was three or five days to the place he'd been mooning about. And when the spell was on him to take the road, there was nothing would keep him. I know because I tried once, when I was fearfully short handed, holding back his wages on one excuse or another. He filled up his grub sack from my stores one night, and the next morning all I found was a note saying where I could send his pay check.

He visited me several times at Quijotoa, staying from three to five months at a time, and when I was managing the Silver Lead in the Santa Catalinas, he turned up again. It was there that he fell in with Red Morgan.

Red was plain hobo. Drink and a general distrust of all forms of industry had reduced him to a state in which he had lost control of his life to the chance of the hour. He would hire himself out to get money for drink—atrocious *aguadiente* the Greasers smuggled in to him—and drink until he was fired. Then he would drift on to the next mine or the next camp as the case might be, and begin all over. He was strong as an ox, and for that

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sort of man, sympathetic; and he had the remnants of an inherited refinement. I shouldn't wonder indeed, if he had come from social strata a little above that of the Kid's, and had taken to bumming through being naturally deficient in the capacity for self-direction. At any rate they struck up the sort of relationship that one finds occasionally between a boy and an ownerless pup. The Kid did about as he pleased with Morgan, and Morgan groveled and came back for more.

The Kid, who just naturally hated drunkenness the way the Irish do hate it when they don't take to it like ducks to water, used regularly to banish Red from his society when the drinking bouts would begin. Then Morgan would weep in his cups and insist that between friends there should be complete personal autonomy. Finally he would discover that the Kid had taken the road without him and he would set out, half sober, his tongue literally hanging out with anxiety to find him and be taken on again.

I suspect that Morgan's abounding health and physical energy was one of the bonds between them. Probably he knew more of his friend's own weakness in that direction than the rest of us, for with all his bitter tirades against the Kid's misuse of him, I never heard Red complain of what we all knew to be the case, that he carried not only their primitive camp outfit, but often, in addition to his own, the Kid's blanket. Except to tell me that the infection which had driven him west in the first place, had been completely healed, the Kid never talked of his ailment. But it had left him practically with only one lung, and more than ordinarily sensitive to altitude sickness. Anyway, for one reason or another, this oddly assorted pair kept together for the better part of six years, dropping in on us when they were hard up, or occasionally, I like to believe, because the Kid really enjoyed a chin with me.

He had worked out quite a philosophy of life in his travels, but he grew more and more silent concerning the things he saw in them, so that it was really from Red Morgan that we heard about the girl at Comobabi. I don't know if the girl comes into this story. I don't really know. However, it's to find out the rights of the story that I'm telling it at all. Maybe when I am through you'll know.

Papagueria is a wonderful country . . . . white bean country! It begins about the Gila river and the Rio Santa Cruz, and goes indefinitely south into Sonora. From San Zavier del Bac to Quitovaquita it is about a hundred and twenty miles in an air line. Up one side and down the other of the great edgewise ranges, it's farther than a well man can travel in a week. In between there are lovely valleys where the ground is yielding under foot, the foliage of the palo verde is delicate as a woman's hair, and the air is soft against the skin like veils. It is a blue country, blue and white, white cloud and white sand, with all the ranges melting into blueness, and the pale greens turning to blue in the shadows. There's bisnaga, that's barrel cactus, and great marching suhauros and feathery mesquite with hundred year old twisted trunks. By the time you get past Robles Pass into one of those little villages where time goes by as still as the drift of foam on a wave, you don't wonder they called themselves the People of the Bean. I give you my word that the bean, with its broad quiet leaves, its white scented blossoms above them, and its delicately inquiring tip, is a beautiful, a magical

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plant. There's corn there and melons, quail calling in the mesquite, and rest.

The girl was the daughter of the head man in one of their villages. He'd squatted on one of those little water sinks like some old sheik on an oasis, and between his beans and a few head of stock he'd picked up, he was pretty well fixed for that country. The Kid used to drop in on him ever so often, and once they nursed him through one of his bad spells, so that it came perfectly natural, when the girl fell in love with him, for the old *capitán* to make an offer of her and her affection to the Papago Kid, at one of their big eats in the presence of all the company. By all accounts the Kid must have been horribly embarrassed, trying to get out of it and at the same time save the girl's feelings. I had Red Morgan's word for it that she was both pretty and good. Red was indignant with the Kid for not falling in with what he considered a particularly soft snap. As I said, Red knew more of his *compadre's* weakness than any of us, and I think he was tormented by the fear that the time would come, and that soon, when the Kid would need a good deal more than his income or than Red could earn, to make him comfortable. These lungers sometimes take a long time dying. But get out of marrying her the Kid did, with some kind of credit, owing to his being Irish and to the girl's not understanding white custom. He established himself as a kind of perpetual, official fiancé, who turned up regularly with presents and no end of ceremony.

I took the liberty of speaking to him about it once after Red had been indulging in one of his tirades. It seemed somehow a pity, seeing the lad wasn't long for this world, that he shouldn't have something of the common destiny—a home, you know, and kids . . . even brown ones. Those Papagos aren't a bad sort, and the little he could have left the girl when he went out would have made up to her. So I spoke to him one evening when the world had turned all holy, as it does sometimes about sundown, and we were sitting together with a pipe on the dump outside the Silver Lead.

The Kid sort of flushed up. "It isn't because she's Papago," he broke out; "she's as white inside as anybody!"

"And it isn't because you're too good for her," I put in; "I'll lay my hat you were brought up a Catholic, and you could make it all right with Father Saladra."

"Oh, I'd marry her, if I did anything," he admitted. "You see that streak of road out there?" he said, pointing where it went winding away between the hills as if it were in a hurry to get somewhere it never reached. "Well, I'd naturally up and die if ever there came a time when I couldn't just take the road when it calls me. It's death maybe that's been chasin' me all these years, but I know that I just got to keep goin'. And how would that do for a wife and kids?"

"You'd come back," I told him.

"Not if I thought I had to. It's knowin' that I don't have to, that keeps me goin' there regular. Gee!" he said, "but I can't bear the thought of lyin' still, even in my grave." That was the last talk I ever had with him.

Along in the early winter Red slouched in looking for a job, soberer than I'd ever known him to be. He wouldn't tell me anything at first about the Kid except that he was in the lunger's hospital at Tucson, and by degrees he let out that it wouldn't have happened if the Kid hadn't been such a Quixotic fool about the girl. It

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seemed that the Kid, who had felt a bad spell coming on, had turned in at the Oasis for a rest and a few weeks of regular meals. He'd a more than ordinarily handsome present for the girl in his pack, and according to Red he was more than ordinarily in the mood to settle down with her and behave in a fashion that Red never characterized by any word but "regular". They were pretty well spent by the time they got in, for the nights had suddenly turned cold and they had traveled all the last day in one of those blinding storms of dust that rise about the begining of the rains. The Kid was coughing steadily in the dust, and saying more than Red had known him to say before, of how good it would be to get between the clean dark walls of a *jacal* to rest. All the time, as if he had a kind of sense of its being necessary to get there somehow in spite of everything, he kept on beating his way through the wall of dust when he ought to have been lying under a mesquite asleep. They dropped the wind behind them in the night, and about midmorning, as they sighted the smoke of the *jacal* between the little oaks, they heard the *tombes* going, and one of those four-stringed Yaqui harps.

You see the girl's old man had got tired of this ceremonious engagement that never came to anything. He wanted a regular son-in-law, and what Red and the Kid had stumbled on was the infare of the girl's marriage to a regular husband which had taken place the night before.

The present came in handily, but I take it the groom was none too well pleased or the girl too much so. Red and the Kid slept under a mesquite on the way back to Pantac, where the first of the rains found them, and stuck to their trail all the way to Robles Pass. It was there the drenching he had, and maybe feeling what he'd lost at last, put the Kid in the hospital.

That year I began to be interested in this Socorro proposition and was in San Francisco interviewing the owners when Red and the Kid paid us their usual spring visit. And, it just happened that I was off at the other side of Papagueria looking for a man who was said to be able to make repairs on a Diesel engine, when they came back in the fall.

That was the first year of the influenza epidemic in these parts. And for all we were so isolated, it reached us while I was away from camp and nipped off half a dozen of my best men. Mind you though, I had heard nothing of it when I came back after a ten days' absence, making Robles Pass about the middle of the afternoon on Tuesday. Tuesday. Along about four of the clock.

I was driving my own car with only a Papago swamper, making time on the road from Quitovaquita. You know how it is about that time of day, when the shadows begin to come out of the cañons and stretch themselves, and the air next to the ground grows lighter as if the earth gave back some of the brightness it had absorbed during the day. Off to the westward the Baboquivaris were thinning like a veil, and I was thinking of nothing in particular but the faint green tinge climbing up the dry stems of the ocotillo, which is the first notice that the year has turned on its axis.

All at once the swamper nudged me. "Man," he said. "White man, walking."

I looked up and saw him considerably to the left, bearing off toward Pantac, which is the first of the Papago villages. He was beyond hail, but

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"The Kid had stumbled on the infare of the girl's marriage"

even at that distance, a moment later, I knew him. It was Red Morgan packing his blanket and looking neither to the right nor the left of him.

"He's going to tell the girl," I said to myself; and then, "That's funny," I said, because there wasn't anything I could think of that he had to tell, or that the Kid himself wouldn't have told her. And I said to myself again that the Kid had been combing Red's hair for him, for if ever there was a hobo had his tail between his legs as he slouched along, it was Red Morgan.

"White man heap damn sorry," said the Papago, which seemed about the sense of things. I thought that Red must have been drinking worse than usual for the Kid to have laid into him like that, and then I saw him. The Kid I mean. He'd been lagging behind a bit, and the tops of the mesquite had hid him. I had an idea though he was feeling particularly fine, by the way he stepped along at Red's shoulder, Red carrying the outfit as usual. I half stopped the car, thinking to speak to them, but it was too far for that. They must have rec-

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ognized me though, for just as I let out the gas again the Kid turned and waved his hat at me.

That was all there was to it; my thinking how well the Kid looked and feeling sorry for old Morgan and wondering if the Kid wasn't a bit hard on him. At Tucson where I stopped that night I heard that the flu had been at my camp and that Doc Stivers, who was the company's official physician, was up there with them, quarantined. He was waiting for me at the office when I got in, for of course I went in without losing any time. It was my business to be where the men were.

"Seen anybody on the road?" was almost the first thing he asked me.

"Red Morgan," I said; "over toward Baboquivari."

I don't know why I didn't say "Papago Kid", and so make my everlasting reputation with the Psychic Research Society, but I didn't. The little cherub that sits up aloft and looks after those things wasn't working on the job that day. I just said "Red Morgan", and let it go at that.

"Damn hobo," said the doctor; "breaking quarantine! Gone to tell the girl I suppose. And now I'll have the whole Papago nation on my hands. He disappeared directly after the funeral, but it never occurred to me that that was what he was up to."

"Whose funeral?" I said, not taking it in yet.

"The Kid's. He was one of our first cases. No stamina of course, and only a fraction of a lung!"

"Look here," I said. "Let's get this thing straight. I saw Red Morgan making Papagueria on Tuesday. You mean to tell me that Red and the Kid—" I was considerably staggered.

"Blew in here the first of the week," says Stivers, kind of crisp like. "The Kid was taken down Thursday, bad. We buried him Sunday."

SONG

By Glenn Ward Dresbach

LIKE some impatient lover
In some forgotten June
The Wind below dark windows
Sings coming of the Moon.

And like a fair proud lady
Too sure of love she waits.
At last the Wind goes singing
Beyond the shadow-gates.

He fondles hair of willows
And sings a lovely tune—
Lo! smiles from her high window
The wistful, jealous Moon!

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MR. MENCKEN REPLIES

MY dear Walpole:[1]

The facts, alas, confound you. During the past year I have reviewed exactly 25 novels in "The Smart Set", setting aside mere notices. Of these, 7 were English and 18 were American. Of the English novels, I anointed 3 with praise, or 43%; of the American novels, 9, or 50%. Two of the English novels I denounced as garbage, and 5 of the American—28.5% and 27.7% respectively. Regarding two of the English novels and four of the American I was in doubt—28.5% and 22.3% respectively.

Certainly these figures show no chauvinistic bias. I receive about 350 novels every year—a great many more than any man could read. I pick out for review those that seem most likely to be interesting or significant. Is it remarkable that an American should find 2 4/7 times as many of these among American books as among English books? What English reviewer, in the other direction, shows a score so high, or even half so high? Or so close a correspondence between the two series of percentages?

The log-rolling I complain of has its chief scene in the United States, not in England. It takes the form of extravagant efforts to promote the American sale of books by Englishmen of a small group, most of them bad. It is carried on partly by publishing houses dealing in English goods, and partly by touring propagandists and literary bagmen. It is aided by certain American journals that practise a puerile and slimy Anglophilism. It has become a public nuisance, and when I deal with it at all I treat it as such. The English opinion upon which it is presumably based seems to me to be incompetent, and, in part at least, disingenuous. It is a body of opinion that is ignorantly and incurably anti-American.

I need not tell you, my dear Walpole, that when I chance to take a hack at such a fraud it is done without the slightest messianic purpose. I am entirely devoid of public spirit, and it would give me no more joy to see log-rolling stopped than it would give me to see baptism by total immersion stopped. But it diverts me to chase mountebanks, and so I occasionally yield to the vice. Now you jump into the arena and get in my way. Back to your place! Specifically, back to the bar under the grandstand, where I'll be delighted presently to join you and drink a *Humpen* with you, for you are not a mountebank but an honest artist (as I have more than once declared in print), and you no more belong among the zanies I pursue than I belong among the syndics of the Y. M. C. A.

I refuse absolutely to talk about the American novel when I get to England, or about anything else so depressing. But I have some amusing scandal for you, and you may rest assured that I'll not neglect your Irish *Schnapps*.

Yours ———

H. L. MENCKEN

1 See Hugh Walpole's "Open Letter to H. L. Mencken" in the May BOOKMAN.

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THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF WRITING

By Robert Cortes Holliday

IV: PUBLISHING YOUR OWN BOOK

(In connection with Mr. Holliday's series, THE BOOKMAN *announces a new Bureau of Practical Advice to Writers. Any question regarding the mechanical details of authorship will be answered by the editor or referred to the proper authority. The best of these questions and answers will, from time to time, be published, for the information of those interested.—J. F.)*

NEW YORK, *May*, 1922.

"To the Vanity Publisher, Sir," She Said:

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to publish, sir," she said.
"Perhaps you've a fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My verse is my fortune, sir," she said.
"Then you'd better not try it, my pretty maid.
There's an item for printing, and when it is paid
There's 'commission on sales'—O, innocent maid!
In your rural retreat have you heard of THE TRADE?
Oh, where are you going, my pretty maid?"

—Ernest Radford in "London Old and New"

A subject which has recently come up for rather active discussion here and there is that of what are known in the book business as "authors' books"—volumes the publication of which has been paid for in part, or in large measure, or vastly overpaid for by their authors. What, as well as the facts can be assembled, are the whys and wherefores of this matter?

Two quite contrary attitudes prevail toward the idea of an author's being involved in the financing of his own work. On the one hand there is the great army of unsophisticated souls so longing to have something "published" in the form of a book that many of them, in their innocence of the procedure of legitimate publishing, readily fall the prey of the unscrupulous concerns which have come to be called "vanity publishers". These nefarious pay-as-you-enter "publishers" we'll examine presently.

Then there is the opinion more than a little current among people with a closer view of book production that there is something highly unethical, discreditable to both publisher and author, in an author's having anything to do with the cost of issuing his work.

There are a number of classic examples of books of a very distinguished character paid for by the authors. Among them Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" and Motley's "The Rise of the Dutch Republic". There is a legend that Longfellow insisted on owning his own books, paying for the plates and other costs of manufacture, though his publishers would have been very glad indeed to assume all risk in the issuing of his work. An edition of "The Education of Henry Adams" was privately printed long before consent was obtained by the publishers to issue the regular trade edition. I seem to remember that

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among others such estimable gentlemen as Dr. S. Weir Mitchell and Thomas Nelson Page confessed some time ago to bringing out volumes of verse at their own expense. I believe Walter de la Mare's first volume was privately printed. And I understand that Stephen Crane's "The Red Badge of Courage" was at first a privately printed book. That, certainly, is a fairly miscellaneous five foot shelf of authors' books.

The publishing business, of course, like any other business, is an occupation pursued for at least reasonable gain. Naturally, the publisher considers the financial possibilities of every manuscript submitted to him. The number of books which he issues each year is limited to the amount of his capital. All this would seem to be elementary enough, and yet you may find ever so many people, particularly budding authors, who apparently have little active appreciation of it. Very little indeed is the matter understood of the publisher having to balance his list. That is, it is necessary to bring out some books which he knows will be popular for him to be able to publish other books which he is well aware can have no large sale. As has been stated before in the articles of this series, a first-rate publisher every now and then takes on a book in which he sees no opportunity for profit, but which he has pride in having on his list. It goes without saying, however, that that is a luxury which must be bridled if the publisher is successfully to continue in business.

Now a neurologist, we will say, a man eminent in his specialty, produces as the result of much study a work on the pathological aspects of some writer. It is a book, he is confident, which has scientific value. He is disinterested as to any monetary profit which the book might possibly bring him, but desires to give it to the small portion of the world interested in his field of thought. Or a university professor, it may be, develops some thesis near to his heart. He believes that to publish this in a book would give him a higher status among his colleagues and might lead to advancement in his profession. In both of these hypothetical cases it is most decidedly to the interests of the authors to obtain the imprint of a publishing house of established reputation.

A book is accepted by a reputable publisher to be issued at the author's expense, or partly at his expense, when the publisher is quite convinced that the book is worthy to be on his list, but that because of its subject and treatment, it can appeal to a small public only. Or (sometimes) when the author has undoubted talent, but is inexperienced and unknown and has handled subjects supposed by the publisher to be decidedly unpopular with the general public.

A reputable publisher, however, will tell an author at once that undoubtedly he is losing his money by publishing a book at his own expense, otherwise he (the publisher) would take the risk of issuing the volume. And he will write into the contract royalties in just proportion to the amount of expense which the author is assuming. On the other hand, the publisher should not be expected to undertake to promote the sale of the book as vigorously as if it were altogether his own affair. He will manufacture it, announce it by advertisement, and place it in the hands of his salesmen. But where the publisher's risk is, there will be his greatest energy.

Sometimes authors of considerable reputation and popularity, whose

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work would be more than welcomed by any publishing house, enter into an arrangement with their publishers whereby they "put up" for an amount of advertising greater than the publishers could afford to devote even to them without such an arrangement. That is, they agree that a proportion of their royalties shall be diverted to cover the expense of additional advertising.

Historically a book copyrighted in the author's name was an author's book. And as the situation stands today an author's copyright is almost the hallmark of a publication paid for by the author. The whole subject of book copyright is a complex matter. Its intricacies need not detain us in this article. Some authors insist on a copyright in their own name. The heads of two of our foremost publishing houses declared the other day that any reputable publisher will cheerfully transfer the copyright for a book to the author.

Every once in a while one comes across a very handsomely made book that has been "privately printed", an example of beautiful workmanship. A book, perhaps, which has no public interest whatever. A club, very likely, a literary society, or an historical or other association has mainly for the satisfaction of its own members wished to issue a volume of its history, a bibliography of the works in its domain, or a catalog of its collection. Its object has been in no degree commercial. Its aim has been to achieve in its little monument an effect of elegance or an air of dignity. And the commission for the work having been given into the hands of a "press" erudite in the subject of format, a distinguished thing has resulted. Printing and publishing concerns of intellectually aristocratic or æsthetic character (or pretensions) not infrequently call themselves presses. At any rate, in such a proceeding, of course, as that just outlined, a thoroughly dignified and honorable transaction has been consummated.

In the catalogs of dealers in rare books, first editions, "choice" volumes and so on, one frequently meets with "items" described as "privately printed", generally volumes of verses. And lovely bibelots some of these things are, dilettantish expressions of taste. Such books are made by honest, sensitive, sometimes distinguished artists in their craft. They have been engaged to do the work by authors not only sufficiently sophisticated to know their way about in the book world, but who as often as not are æsthetic in temperament to the point of disdaining to have a book of theirs manufactured by a "commercial" publishing house.

And then one finds around here and there a good many privately printed books of another class, volumes which make no particular pretense to beauty, volumes oftentimes of decidedly plebeian effect, but for whose existence there is perfectly reasonable justification. Someone may have desired to have made as a memorial, a book of the writings of a deceased relative or friend. If the world didn't need the book, neither did he make it for the world. And if he was overcharged for the manufacture of the volume, his love has been more generous than he knows. Or there may somewhere have been a local demand for a certain class of literature which established publishing houses of national scope could not be induced to supply, such as the story of a locality's traditions or incidents of its development. Such pieces of book making

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frequently are very patently the honest but sadly homely product of the local job printer. "Printed at the 'Journal' Office" is not a lofty, but a perfectly respectable imprint. And it frankly implies that nobody has been "stung".

Quite another matter we come to now; and a matter very carefully to be examined by the author striving to publish his first book. Margaret Deland, on joining the Authors' League of America in 1913, wrote, in a letter to the league: "I admit that there are dishonest publishers, just as there are possibly —— possibly! —— dishonest authors; but I, personally, have never met any. My experience of some twenty-five years has brought me in contact only with a set of very high-minded, very honorable, and even generous men." Mrs. Deland had no temptation toward any but the first-rate sort of publishing house. In that same year, in an article in "The Atlantic" George Platt Brett, president of the Macmillan Company, referred to "those unscrupulous and dishonest publishers which have been a disgrace to the trade at times". The number of such pseudo-publishers has not grown less since then. And the number of their victims undoubtedly has steadily and greatly increased. A recent issue of a little magazine published in Chicago and interested in "private book production" asserts that the volume of privately published books put out each year is enormous.

Unfortunately the unknown author frequently "would give anything in the world" to have his book published, is willing to make almost any sacrifice. He will not take No from those callous big publishing houses. He begins to conceive the notion that their main idea is to get out of publishing the manuscripts sent to them. Whereas, of course, they are just as eager to get something to publish as he is to have his own book published. And then, indeed, do not the publishers nearly all admit themselves that his work has much merit? Mention has been made more than once in the articles of this series of the dangers to the unsophisticated writer of misinterpreting the usual rejection slips of legitimate publishers. Their soft-soap wording does much, alas! to pave the way for the business of pickpocket and holdup publishing.

The author we now have in our eye is an inconspicuous person who may have been fortunate enough (or unfortunate enough) to sell perhaps one story or one poem to some minor magazine. He receives right out of the sky, so to say, what among the informed in these matters is known as a "come on" letter. Under an impressive letter head, terminating in the word "Publisher", he (addressed by name) is told that this company is "on the lookout for a few unusually good book manuscripts to add to our winter list". Further, something like this:

> We shall therefore be glad to examine anything that you may care to submit at this time.
>
> Our readers will report promptly on whatever manuscripts you may offer and we trust we may soon have the pleasure of receiving some of your work for consideration.

Beneath the signature is typed "Editorial Department". Our much rejected author is enormously flattered. He sends on his manuscript book. Negotiations may proceed in any one of a number of ways. Let us follow through one of them which, as the August, 1915 issue of the Bulletin of the Authors' League observes,

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"illustrates strikingly the patience with which the iniquitous publisher stalks his prey".

The author has submitted his manuscript with a view to securing publication at the publisher's expense. As usual in such cases, the firm writes him to this effect: "Our readers have reported favorably on 'Hills and Dales' and they have recommended its publication." But for one reason or another the firm cannot undertake to publish the book at its own expense. Probably: "Conditions in the book market at present are such that it is impossible to offer you any terms that would not involve some advance on your part." But: "Please do not take this as being in any way a reflection on the merits of your manuscript from a literary standpoint." Then "an extremely liberal offer" is made to publish at the author's expense. In "The Publishers' Weekly" for August 27, 1921, appeared a list that had recently been compiled of book production costs made for the head of a large publishing house to serve as a guide in estimating the relation of figures of that time to those of five years before. These figures, available to anycne, prove exactly how outrageous are the "liberal offers" of the "come on" publishers.

The terms proposed happen to be beyond the reach of this author. It is not long before he receives another letter. The editorial department is "very much interested" in his work (or something like that) and is "therefore trying to induce our business manager to offer you the following modification in our terms". The modified terms are remarkable. They are apt to provide that the author may pay his eight or nine hundred dollars in instalments covering a period of say five months. He is perhaps to receive the "total proceeds" from the sale of the first five hundred copies of the book. As additional inducements he is likely to be offered twenty-five copies free, to be relieved of the expense of copyrighting (something like a dollar and a half), and the publisher sometimes is even willing to prepare at his own expense "a special cover to consist of a fine illustration".

Numerous devices are employed by the "vanity publisher" to lead the innocent author on toward becoming famous in his own eyes and those of his friends. Sometimes "a fine descriptive Folder" is proposed, to contain "an Order Blank to be circulated among bookbuyers, dealers, jobbers and also to lists of your personal friends (to be supplied by you)". This folder will be "beautifully printed (see sample enclosed)". And: "You will therefore kindly send us at once a brief synopsis of your book in your own words (to be elaborated and perfected by our editors), enclosing also your photograph if you wish it used; together with the remittance named, and we will go ahead full speed." Nothing is said to indicate that the circular in question is to be devoted exclusively to the author's book.

The "come on" publisher lures his prey with suggestions of large profits —ambitious and inexperienced writers are invited to take advantage of a great opportunity. His lingo, altered to pertain to various forms of current literature, is that of the wild cat operator in oil or undeveloped mineral deposits. He knows that the book he obtains, in point of fact, can have no popularity. What incentive is there for him ever to market a single copy? The money put up by the author pays for the printing and binding of the book, with a handsome profit to the publisher, even if it never leaves his

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cellar. The author receives a number of copies, and possibly a few are offered for review. The only sales of the book are made through the author's own efforts. And there the matter ends.

The contracts of publishers of this class usually are ironclad (always against the interests of the author). Care is taken to avoid absolute misrepresentation of fact. And the author finds himself, at the end, not only very much out of pocket, but disappointed, disheartened, and without any remedy at law. Where a written contract is made the author's rights are strictly limited to the promises the publishers set forth in the contract. Antecedent or contemporaneous promises or predictions form no part of the agreement; nor do the circulars and advertisements of the publishers.

Once in a blue moon a flimflam publisher gets hold of a book which turns out to be a real "find". There was a notable case in 1909. An author paid a "come on" concern to publish a book which became surprisingly popular. A well-known magazine editor in New York, at that time literary editor of a Chicago newspaper, took a special interest in the author, and suggested to him that he buy in the rights from the publisher and have a reputable firm publish a new edition of the book. The author, before the termination of negotiations in the matter, offered as much as several thousand dollars, more than several thousand dollars, for the rights to the book which had cost the publisher nothing — and the publisher refused to sell them.

Sometimes the "come on" publisher elaborately disguises his game. In 1919 a good many uncynical authors were favored with a most plausible sounding circular, which beguilingly set forth the great advantages to "the young writer, with his first acceptance, as well as to the veteran author", of avoiding the meagre royalties of the average publishing house and of enjoying "fully half the profits derived from the sales". The circular of this company stated that "the entire expense of publication is borne by us", that they had "financed the publication of more than one hundred volumes by obscure authors", that "the authors paid us nothing to effect the publication of these books". In fact, they protested too much for any but the most unwary who, however, found when it came to signing the contract that "half the profits" was contingent upon a prepayment of an alleged *half* of the cost. Then there were seldom, if ever, any profits to divide — with the author. In short, again the publisher made his money out of the author, instead of the reader. That is one example of the "cooperative" plan of publishing.

In that case the author *could* have the happiness of buying his own book. At about that time there was another pseudo-publisher who merely "accepted" the manuscripts of would-be authors (not to speak of their checks) and then wrote wonderful letters of explanation in lieu of printing the books. But it came about that he went out of business. Another interesting idea in cooperative publishing came out of Bridgeport, Connecticut, a couple of years ago. A sale of shares of capital stock in the company to authors or prospective authors was proposed. The prospectus stated that this scheme provided "an open door to the world of letters and secured an unobstructed avenue to the universe of thought". Also that the "benefits offered to new authors amount to salvation".

A curiously in-and-out sort of fly-

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by-night publishing enterprise cropped up a few years ago. In the classified columns of a regular magazine was placed this advertisement:

WANTED—Short Stories, Articles, Poems for new magazine. We pay on acceptance; offers submitted. Send prepaid with return postage. Handwritten MSS. acceptable.

Then followed an address. The story of what happened when an author sent a manuscript in response to this advertisement was told in "The Writer", the Boston magazine for literary workers, issue of (I think) March, 1919. Briefly it was this. The author received a letter from the "Mgr. Mss. Dept." of the magazine. Across the top of the stationery was spread, as the several addresses of the magazine: "New York — London — Washington." Headquarters appeared to be in Washington. The telephone of the "Editorial Rooms" in that city was listed as one number; that of the "General Offices" as another.

The writer of the letter said that "while this is not suited to our magazine, I am not sending it back with the usual rejection slip". He hoped the author would not think it "too presumptuous" for him to "offer a suggestion". This was that he "edit" the manuscript, and for a small fee, to "help cover expenses", aid the author in placing it "with a number of publications whom I know have purchased a similar type of MS. in the past". He delicately implied that the manuscript might be sold for more than twenty dollars, in which case he would expect a ten per cent. commission.

The upshot of the matter turned out to be that the "Mgr. Mss. Dept." of this magazine was working under a string of addresses in some half dozen cities as magazine editor, literary agent, and book publisher, doing business back and forth with himself. His so-called magazines, four in number, were used as "feeders" to entice to the book publishing counter "prospects" who had not been caught by the out-and-out bids to aspiring writers of books. Of practical experience in book publishing it was shown he had none. The telephone companies in several of the cities where he represented himself as having offices knew him not. On the stationery of one of his enterprises he listed an array of distinguished "references", authors of note. When communicated with by the Authors' League as to the matter these gentlemen each and all replied that they had never heard of the fellow.

This young man's meteoric career was unfeelingly cut short by the Postmaster General. Every now and then one of these bogus publishers actually violates the law. In his eagerness he oversteps the line and flatly procures money under false pretenses. Others more cautiously keep inside that line and do far more harm.

There has been no intention whatever in this article of implying that the only publishing houses with which it is safe and desirable for an author to deal are the great publishing houses of long established position. Indeed, there are sometimes reasons why it is an advantage for an author to have his book in the hands of a house with a relatively small list. And because a publishing house is young certainly is no reason why it may not be an excellent one. But when a publisher is reputable this can readily be ascertained.

The "moral" is, when publishing a book at your own expense, *watch your step.*

MURRAY HILL

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From "The Magic Fishbone"

CHILDREN'S BOOKS PAST AND PRESENT

By Annie Carroll Moore

There were skippers new and old,—the bold Pathfinder,
And the Mississippi king, Mark Twain;
And a lean Samoan Scot named Robert Louis,
Full-sail to the South again.
—Alfred Noyes

From "The Magic Fishbone"

"I have been telling stories in David Copperfield's Library," writes Marie Shedlock, the fairy godmother of the American library story hour.

Although she has often told her dramatic stories at Rugby, Cheltenham, and other English schools and colleges, Miss Shedlock has never before told stories in a children's library in England — a children's library with an intimate background of books and pictures so placed as to invite reading for sheer love of it—"making reading a regular sport", as one American boy has characterized it. "I had a wonderful audience of boys," Miss Shedlock tells us; "they came out of one of the most sordid quarters of London—they were simply delightful and completely absorbed in the stories."

What kind of stories did she tell the boys of Somers Town? Nothing short of her best. Miss Shedlock mentions no titles but we can be certain there was mystery, adventure, nonsense, and some reflection of the great poetry at the heart of literature. One of the stories may have been the legend of the Welshman who met the sorcerer on London Bridge, for it is a favorite story with both English and American boys and Miss Shedlock includes it in the admirable selection of stories to be found in her own book "The Art of the Storyteller"—a book which May Sinclair says every writer of stories should read, since it is amusing as well as wise. For the storyteller it remains the best book on the subject.

The story of David Copperfield's Library begins with the eleventh

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chapter of David Copperfield with its intimate record of what we now know to have been Charles Dickens's daily life with the Micawbers. "My address", said Mr. Micawber, "is Windsor Terrace, City Road. I — in short", said Mr. Micawber, with the same genteel air, and in another burst of confidence, "I live there."

The small house in Windsor Terrace was shabby in Mr. Micawber's day. It may be remembered that he often went to bed "making a calculation of the expense of putting bow windows to the house 'in case anything turned up' ".

Nearly a century went by before anything did turn up, and then one day in 1911 the London County Council appeared in Johnson Street, Somers Town, bringing a small tablet with this inscription:

Charles Dickens
1812-1870
Novelist
Lived Here
in Boyhood

The tablet was fastened to a house bearing the number 13 in a terrace of tottering brick cells. It is significant that it should have been placed between the two front windows of the first floor. In the Micawbers' day "the first floor was altogether unfurnished and the blinds were kept down to delude the neighbors". The London County Council, having done its duty, went away again and nothing else happened until the early spring of 1920, when to a young man walking through Somers Town this "Tiny Tim of a house", as it has been called, came alive. "Some houses live and others die; some have the gift of perpetual youth."

A Dickens lover by inheritance, the Reverend J. Brett Langstaff, who was at the time in charge of Magdalen College House, lost no time in writing to his parents in America:

> I have discovered a house in which Dickens lodged during the David Copperfield part of his boyhood. It is a small building, a door and a window on the ground floor and above that two floors, each staring drearily out into the narrow street. The conditions have remained unchanged since the time Dickens took his first impressions as a boy. The appeal for the people and especially for the children is the same as he makes in his novels. It seems to me that if one could make in this David Copperfield house a happy book world for the boys and girls it would in some way make up for the miserable times Dickens had when as a lad of thirteen he lodged there with Mrs. Pipchin, because his father (Mr. Micawber) was most of the time in a debtor's prison. I would have the furnishing throughout of the Dickensian period and on a miniature scale so that one would feel a true giant on entering unless one were a child. I would not have a nursery in any sense but a real library for children, filled with books and pictures and pictures and books from top to bottom. And for those who could not read I would have someone come to read or tell stories.

Two months after this letter was written an attractive and convincing illustrated circular appeared in England containing a letter of endorsement of the idea from Henry Fielding Dickens and a group of councilors bearing names touched with power and magic—Sir James Barrie, Kenneth Grahame, Edmund Gosse, John Galsworthy, H. G. Wells, and others. Nor was the interest confined to writers. The actors gave a Charles Dickens Birthday Matinée arranged by Ben Greet, a substantial sum of money was realized from this performance, the freehold of 13 Johnson Street was received as a gift, and the reconstruction of the old house was begun.

It was still in the hands of the workmen when I visited it one hot afternoon last July on my way back from the Eton-Harrow match at

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To the dear Readers of the David Copperfield Library.

I began to love Charles Dickens and to read him when I was a little country mouse eight years old; and when I was eleven, (Oh! wonderful good fortune!) I travelled with him on a certain railway journey between Maine and Massachusetts. It was a magical, a miraculous trip of two hours, during which my child's hand was in his, and his arm around my waist so that in that long talk we became real friends. I have told the tale in my "Child's Journey with Dickens" Some of you may have read it—and it will explain my interest—in the David Copperfield Library.

There are many other Americans who love and read Dickens and want to share in making this library in the house where he lived as a boy. One of them, Anne Carroll Moore, who chooses the Childrens Books for the New York Public Library, has made this representative selection which I am asked to send as a gift from the generous American publishers whose names appear in each of their presentation volumes.

New York November 1921 Kate Douglas Wiggin

Lord's Cricket Ground — the caretaker's twins asleep in Mrs. Micawber's parlor lending a touch of reality to its tradition. A workman took us from bottom to top of the house, new and delightful possibilities revealing themselves at every turn. Since then the Micawbers' parlor has been converted into a reading room for the older boys and girls, and the kitchen behind it into a kind of "fairy dungeon" for little brothers and sisters who have to be "minded". The extension, comprising a washroom and scullery built out into a small back yard, is now used as a place for the children to wash their hands. The old copper in which the Christmas pud-

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From "The Magic Fishbone"

ding was steamed, remains where it was in Dickens's day, while on the floor above — the mysterious first floor — its two rooms connected by folding doors, the books of David Copperfield's Library are to be found. Between the two front windows, where a schoolmate remembered Charles Dickens kept his own books in a cupboard, stands a small chiffonier containing the books Dickens read as a boy, together with a selected edition of his works, presented by his publishers. The low book shelves fitted to the adjoining walls contain some five hundred volumes presented by English and American authors, illustrators, and publishers. There is also a gift of children's books from the French government. The front room is decorated with three large panels in color, representing Dick Whittington, the Babes in the Wood, and the children of China. These crayon drawings, with three others representing the children of Canada, Russia, and India, are the work of L. Leslie Brooke, whose picture books are much loved in American children's libraries. They were chosen by Miss Shedlock and Mrs. Arnold Glover, as a gift from the Dickens lovers of the staff of the New York Public Library.

The first floor back is decorated with original sketches by Raven Hill, Frank Reynolds, H. M. Bateman, and other illustrators, done especially for the house. Here is also the poem in manuscript written by Alfred Noyes on the occasion of establishing the library, and the letter from Kate Douglas Wiggin about the gift of books from American publishers, placed there by George Palmer Putnam.

Copperfield's room, second floor back, serves as a private room for the librarian. "My room was at the top of the house at the back, a close chamber; stencilled all over with an ornament which my young imagination represented as a blue muffin; and very scantily furnished."

In this room, no doubt, was conceived the plan of the distinctive Souvenir Book printed in connection with the play at Devonshire House last November — a revival of Bulwer-Lytton's comedy "Not So Bad as We Seem", produced by Nigel Playfair with the support of contemporary representatives of art and letters, under the patronage of Queen Alexandra. The play was originally produced by Charles Dickens and his circle in 1851 and the Souvenir Book contains a picture of the stage at Devonshire House, the royal box with Queen Victoria and King Albert seated in it, a section of the audience, and a reproduction of the play bill. The beautiful poem written and read by Alfred Noyes as an epilog to the production of 1921, is here given in its entirety. Mr. Noyes has caught and recorded the spirit and essence of the children's library idea for any country.

Hugh Walpole's fine tribute to Mrs.

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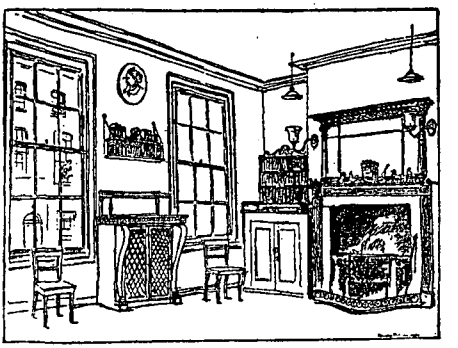
Ewing and Mrs. Molesworth will not surprise the readers of "Jeremy". Compton Mackenzie has written with true feeling of books read in boyhood. W. L. George appears on the page headed "Tell Me a Story". Henry Fielding Dickens relates the children's library idea to his father's boyhood, while Pett Ridge and Professor A. E. Richardson describe Somers Town. There is a reproduction of Hanslip Fletcher's sketch of No. 13 Johnson Street and of a delectable cartoon by Bateman representing "Eustace, the child who, having read every volume in David Copperfield's Library, asks for more". Bernard Shaw says, "The first condition of a children's library is that there should be no children's books in it", reminding us that "Dickens . . . . read Smollett and Fielding and all the other grown up books he could lay his hands on (as I did myself)". But Dickens also read the books on the lower branches of "The Christmas Tree", and if ever a book belonged in a children's library it is his own nonsense story "The Magic Fishbone". The spirited and child-like pictures Francis Bedford has made for the new edition of it might have been conceived at 13 Johnson Street. The Princess Alicia with her seventeen children to be "minded" would revel in the "fairy dungeon". The picture representing Dickens and little Alice Rainbird was hailed with joy in an American children's library whose birthday was once celebrated by Kate Douglas Wiggin, as an authentic portrait of that author at the age of seven.

"Why not a 'Dickens Reader'?" asks Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. Because there is abundant evidence in England and America that readers made up of selections from great authors are too often joy killers to potential readers in the flesh. Children no more than grown ups like literature presented piecemeal. Better typography, a freer field for the artist who has the gift of seeing something new in an old book, more variability in outward form, the break up of traditional sets and series which look alike and look *dull*—these are important considerations in the publication of books for children at the present time. When they have been more effectively acted upon, children's libraries will scrap the type of book which Carl Van Doren so aptly characterizes as "immental". Although applied to the American novel, the word fits the kind of book I suspect Mr. Shaw has in mind when he says "no children's books".



Interior of Dickens's Library, from a sketch by Hanslip Fletcher

"I dare say you might like a present of books," writes Hilaire Belloc to David Copperfield's Library; "and, if so, let me know which of my books may be of service to you." Would that more gifts to libraries were preceded by a similar inquiry! Isn't Mr. Belloc's "Cautionary Tales" too sophisticated or too suggestive of wrong things to do, to place in a poor neighborhood? This question may not have been put in England, but it is sure to be in America, where a new

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edition of these nonsense verses with their inimitable illustrations ("The nicest things you ever saw") has just appeared. Those who "see no sense" in Edward Lear will probably see none in Mr. Belloc. But I would deprive no boy or girl of the privilege of making acquaintance with Henry King, who chewed Bits of String, Rebecca, who slammed Doors for Fun, and Charles Augustus Fortesque, who always Did what was Right, and so accumulated an Immense Fortune. Humor, the most democratizing of all influences, is too seldom trusted to do its own work in its own way.

Fortunately, David Copperfield's Library did not inherit a fixed selection of books, and I find it a refreshing thing to speculate as to what books are already there and which of the new books one would like to have tried out in a new environment. Someone should send over the Swedish picture book by Elsa Beskow, called "Lillelbror's Segelfärd". The pictures alone tell the story of a little boy who sails away to see the world, just as Beatrix Potter's pictures tell her stories. Walter de la Mare must already have sent his "Peacock Pie" (I have yet to find the child who doesn't call for "more Jim Jay"), and now comes his charming book of fairy poems "Down-Adown-Derry", illustrated by Dorothy Lathrop.

I celebrated Kate Greenaway's and Randolph Caldecott's birthdays by visiting Philadelphia artists, publishers, and booksellers. At the Beck Engraving Company I saw advance illustrations for the holiday books of three publishers and some of the original drawings for Elizabeth Shippen Greene's illustrations for "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare", which will receive a more discriminating note in another review. The bright prospect for the early autumn presented by Philadelphia publishers is sustained in New York. Sara Teasdale's thin anthology "Rainbow Gold" is a very real invitation to American and English children to read poetry. Dugald Stewart Walker is illustrating the book. Hilda Conkling's "Shoes of the Wind" contains lovely verses. "Barberry" is one of them. "The Voyages of Dr. Dolittle" by Hugh Lofting is assured of a warm welcome. "Wisp, a Girl of Dublin" by Katharine Adams promises to be as charming a story of life in Ireland as her "Midsummer" is of Sweden. Jay Van Everen is making the pictures. The book which attaches itself to David Copperfield's Library by giving a picture of child life in London a hundred years ago is "Memoirs of a London Doll", written by herself and edited by Mrs. Fairstar. This little book was first published in Boston in 1852 and has been out of print for a number of years.

The Art of the Storyteller. By Marie L. Shedlock. D. Appleton and Co. London: John Murray.

The Magic Fishbone. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Francis D. Bedford. Frederick Warne and Co.

Cautionary Tales for Children. By Hilaire Belloc. Alfred A. Knopf. London: Duckworth and Co.

Lillelbror's Segelfärd. By Elsa Beskow. Ahlen and Akerlunds.

Down-Adown-Derry. By Walter de la Mare. Illustrated by Dorothy Lathrop. Henry Holt and Co.

Tales from Shakespeare. By Charles and Mary Lamb. Illustrated by Elizabeth Shippen Greene. David McKay.

Rainbow Gold. Selected by Sara Teasdale. Illustrated by Dugald Stewart Walker. The Macmillan Co.

Shoes of the Wind. By Hilda Conkling. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The Voyages of Dr. Dolittle. By Hugh Lofting. The Macmillan Co.

Wisp, a Girl of Dublin. By Katharine Adams. Illustrated by Jay Van Everen. The Macmillan Co.

Memoirs of a London Doll. By Mrs. Fairstar. The Macmillan Co.

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THE DISRAELIAN IRONY

By Stuart P. Sherman

(Concluded from the May Bookman)

VII

LET us acknowledge that in this case the duplicity of the statesman is the peculiar spice of the novelist, and that our generation is just beginning to recognize how spicy Disraeli's novels are. Professor Saintsbury gives them but a paragraph in his history of literature in the nineteenth century; yet he remarks significantly that "good judges, differing widely in political and literary tastes, have found themselves at one as to the strange way in which the reader comes back to them as he advances in life". What the mature reader discovers as he returns to them is that the purple of the *purpurei panni* is frequently finely royal; that the characterization, especially in the later books, is often masterly and occasionally exquisitely fine; that there are abundant passages of noble feeling and delicate sentiment; that the numberless epigrams which stud the pages from the exuberant "Vivian Grey" to the mellow sobriety of "Endymion" are not merely brilliant but increasingly sage, weighty with an experience in public affairs and in the society of the "great world" such as no other English novelist has enjoyed, wise with the distilled wisdom of native insight and of prolonged critical reflection upon the ways of human nature. But, above all, one discovers that these novels are far more subtle than a first reading revealed and far more deeply saturated with irony than most of Disraeli's contemporaries suspected.

In his lifetime his books were generally received and labeled as "fashionable novels", and as such they have come down to us. Their piquancy in their day seems to have consisted largely in the fact that many of the characters were understood to be portraits of contemporary celebrities, as indeed they were. To assist in the identification of the originals, the curious were provided with a "key". But that was comparatively puerile sport. The only true key, the master key, to the Disraelian fiction is such an insight into the personality of the author as one derives from passing back and forth between the novels and the Monypenny-Buckle biography, keeping always in mind this remark of St. Aldegonde in "Lothair":

> "I hate a straightforward fellow. As Pinto says, if every man were straightforward in his opinions, there would be no conversation. The fun of talk is to find out what a man really thinks, and then contrast it with the enormous lies he has been telling all dinner, and, perhaps, all his life."

The inexhaustible fun which Disraeli offers his student consists in contrasting the nervous, subtle, highly civilized intellectual that he was with the representative English country gentleman that he affected to be. The

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moment one enters into it, one is on the trail of Disraeli's own fun in life and in fiction. One perceives with fresh vividness that his grand society, his dukes and duchesses, his lords and ladies, and the entire bag and baggage of his traditional Tory system are riddled with his own Voltairian satire, are ablaze with his own sense of their comedy. The "Young Duke", whose coming of age "creates almost as great a sensation among the aristocracy of England as the Norman Conquest"; Lord Monmouth, who leaves his immense fortune to his natural daughter by an actress of the Théâtre Français; St. Aldegonde who travels, by Jove, "three hundred miles for a slice of cod and a beefsteak"—these and countless other noble beings are pictured for derision. What the real Disraeli thought of the profuse and idle minions of splendor who paraded his pages he actually put into the mouth of Millbank, the Manchester manufacturer in "Coningsby":

"Is it not monstrous, then, that a small number of men, several of whom take the titles of Duke and Earl from towns in this very neighbourhood, towns which they never saw, which never heard of them, which they did not form, or build, or establish, I say is it not monstrous, that individuals so circumstanced, should be invested with the highest of conceivable privileges, the privilege of making laws? Dukes and Earls indeed! I say there is nothing in a masquerade more ridiculous."

Disraeli, like all of the "dark sex", was sensible to "female loveliness"; but probably no Jewish intellectual who ever lived could long be dazzled by good looks in a man, when unaccompanied by adequate mental equipment. Of Lord Deloraine, the gartered viceroy in "Sybil", he remarks demurely: "He might have been selected as the personification of aristocracy: so noble was his appearance. . . . . He was also very accomplished and not ill-informed; had read a little, and thought a little, and was in every respect a superior man." Superior he was, presumably, to the Warwickshire peer in the same novel, who had thought not at all, and who, when confronted with the idea of social betterment, gasped indignantly: "Well, that is sheer radicalism—pretending that the people can be better off than they are, is radicalism and nothing else." Everyone will recall Arnold's remark about the "cock of Lord Elcho's hat" being "quite the finest thing we have". Disraeli parallels that vein of irony in "Lothair", where Mr. Phoebus extols the preoccupation of the aristocracy with the things of the body:

"What I admire in the order to which you belong is that they live in the air, that they excel in athletic sports; that they can only speak one language; and that they never read. This is not complete education, but it is the highest education since the Greek."

Even more deliciously mischievous toward the conservative principle and order which Disraeli professed to uphold, is the following bit of dialog from "Endymion":

"How can any government go on without the support of the Church and the land?" cries Zenobia, the ruling lady among the Tories. "It is quite unnatural."

"That is the mystery," remarks the ambassador. "Here is a government, supported by none of the influences hitherto deemed indispensable, and yet it exists."

Someone remarks that the newspapers are behind it and the Dissenters, etc., and, "Then there is always a number of people who will support any government—and so the thing works."

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"They have a new name for this hybrid sentiment," says the ambassador. "They call it public opinion."

"How very absurd!" Zenobia exclaims, "a mere nickname. As if there could be any opinion but that of the Sovereign and the two Houses of Parliament."

Now turn from this stiff Zenobian orthodoxy of Toryism to Disraeli himself as he exhibits, in private letters of 1862-3 addressed to Mrs. Willyams, his instinctive, spontaneous response of delight to the play of revolutionary power:

> It is a privilege to live in this age of rapid and brilliant events. What an error to consider it an utilitarian age! It is one of infinite romance. Thrones tumble down and crowns are offered, like a fairy tale, and the most powerful people in the world, male and female, a few years back, were adventurers, exiles, and demireps. *Vive la bagatelle.* . . . . The Greeks really want to make my friend Lord Stanley their king. This beats any novel. I think he ought to take the crown, but he will not. Had I his youth, I would not hesitate, even with the earldom of Derby in the distance.

Mr. Disraeli, commoner, glows, at the age of fifty-eight, at thought of a great adventure which fails to stir his young friend, the noble lord. It is an outflashing of the never quenched Napoleonic passion of his youth. It is an expression of a pure personal impulse to rule, with a sense that the power is in himself, a sense which is always accompanied by a certain tendency to regard parliamentary procedure impatiently, and all the talk of either Whigs or Tories as but "eternal palaver". In his stronger imaginative moods, Disraeli becomes sincerely eloquent in praise of the aspiring will, the spirit behind the forms and shows of things, which saved him and his hero Coningsby from "profligacy" on the one hand and from "pedantry" on the other—

> That noble ambition, the highest and the best, that must be born in the heart and organized in the brain, which will not let a man be content, unless his intellectual power is recognized by his race, and desires that it should contribute to their welfare. It is the heroic feeling; the feeling that in old days produced demi-gods; without which no State is safe; without which political institutions are meat without salt; the Crown a bauble; the Church an establishment, Parliaments debating-clubs, and Civilization itself but a fitful and transient dream.

The tragedy of the romantic dreamer and intellectual who seeks in action to embody his dream, is to discover with Sybil that "great thoughts have very little to do with the business of the world; that human affairs, even in an age of revolution, are the subject of compromise; and that the essence of compromise is littleness". The decrepit power which the radical had been taught existed only by sufferance Disraeli discovered, as Sybil discovered, "was compact and organized, with every element of physical power at its command, and supported by the interests, the sympathies, the honest convictions, and the strong prejudices of classes influential not merely from their wealth but even by their numbers". He had thought himself "a man of destiny"; he was to find, like Prince Florestan in "Endymion", that the "irresistible principle of historical necessity" was a principle "not recognized by Her Majesty's Ministers"!

There speaks the man who recognized the realities in the situation at the Congress of Berlin. From the novels, let us return once more to the biography, to the final volume, for a last specimen of the Disraelian irony playing upon himself and at the same time upon the great German master of the arts of power which he himself practised. England, as part of her share of the plunder divided by the

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victorious statesmen — England, or rather Disraeli personally, had secretly seized upon Cyprus; and in a confidential interview with the "honest broker" had communicated the fact to Bismarck. I quote the passage in which Disraeli reports this interview to his sovereign:

> When he (Bismarck) heard about Cyprus, he said: "You have done a wise thing. This is progress. It will be popular; a nation likes progress." His idea of progress was evidently seizing something. He said he looked upon our relinquishment of the Ionian Isles as the first sign of our decadence. Cyprus put us right again.

"His idea of progress was evidently seizing something." Evidently Disraeli's idea of progress was not precisely that. The Bismarckian point of view and personality interested him, to be sure, piquantly. He was mildly amused by the "iron" statesman's table talk, with its "Rabelaisian monologues". He was astounded by his "endless revelations of things he ought not to mention". He was struck by the "ogre-like form" and pleased by the contrasting voice, "which is sweet and gentle". But the effect of Bismarck's fundamental conceptions upon his subtly civilized Semitic mind was that of something elementary, crude, barbaric. With an exquisite shade of sarcasm, he hints, just hints, at this effect, to his queen. For he knows that in the veins of his "adored" sovereign runs, after all, the same Teutonic blood, beating to the same barbaric rhythm. Had she not, in order to quicken the cooler blood of her dear Lord Beaconsfield in the months preceding the Congress—had she not written to him with her own royal hand that, if she were a man, "she would like to go and give those Russians such a beating"! He was her minister to do her good pleasure. And so, with a merciless diplomatic craft, which is the full intellectual "equivalent" of war, he gave those Russians "such a beating". He added Cyprus to her Crown. He played for her, with an intimate consciousness of its absurdity, the great game, which, along with shooting pheasants and horse racing, still delights the rude imaginations of these occidentals!

His action was, as Bismarck had predicted that it would be, popular—immensely popular. *Der alte Jude* was rewarded by a grateful sovereign with an English earldom. He now took a place of eminence and splendor in that order which his radical spokesman in "Sybil" had declared "stands before Europe the most gorgeous of existing spectacles", governing "the most miserable people on the face of the globe". With the loyalty to the temporal power characteristic of his race, he had rendered to Caesar such service as Caesar prizes. Judging by the standards of the people among whom he lived, his life, as he declared near the end of his tenure of it, had not been altogether vanity.

Yet in the end one recognizes regretfully in the man reserves of power of another sort, which his occasions never fully called forth, and potentialities of influence which his political choices made unavailing. He himself recognized them, when in his seventy-sixth year he abandoned the premiership for "Endymion". One likes to think of his return upon himself in his penultimate spring, when the days "were getting very long, and soft, and sweet", and he lay under the purple oaks of Hughenden, among his loved violets and primroses lost in the fathomless revery of which he was capable—"one of those reveries when the incidents of our existence are

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mapped before us, when each is considered with relation to the rest, and assumes in our knowledge its destined and absolute position; when, as it were, we take stock of our experience, and ascertain how rich sorrow and pleasure, feeling and thought, intercourse with our fellow creatures and the fortuitous mysteries of life, have made us in wisdom." In those last calm days of illumination and quiet retrospection, what, one wonders, was his final judgment upon the ancient wisdom of his own race, when, secure in the sense of its spiritual supremacy and refusing to contend with the Napoleons and Caesars of the "impious younger world",

> The East bow'd low before the blast
> In patient deep disdain;
> She let the legions thunder past
> And plunged in thought again.

What if, like the saints and martyrs whose heroic spirit really touched his imagination, he had declined the handful of silver, the riband to stick in his coat, and had undertaken the spiritual recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, a mission with which his Tancred trifles? "Strange power of the world", he exclaims with the insight of one who has yielded to it, "that the moment we enter it, our great conceptions dwarf!" Sympathy with the world dwarfs our dream in youth. The "sense of the ridiculous" dwarfs it in age. There was too much of Lucian, too much of Voltaire, too much of "Don Juan", too much of Heine, and, above all, too much of the hard radical realism of Napoleon in Disraeli, for a saint. At the end of every aspiring flight, he returns to earth; he takes his stand on human nature as it is, not as the dreamer conceives it ought to be. And he concludes, with a richly experienced smile: *"Perhaps these reveries of solitude may not be really great conceptions;* perhaps they are only exaggerations; vague, indefinite, shadowy, founded on no sound principles, founded on no assured basis." Perhaps the world is right; and the beatific vision, only a dyspeptic dream.

THE UNLOVED TO HIS BELOVED

By William Alexander Percy

COULD I pluck down Aldebaran
And haze the Pleiads in your hair
I could not add more burning to your beauty
Or lend a starrier coldness to your air.

If I were cleaving terrible waters
With death ahead on the visible sands
I could not turn and stretch my hands more wildly,
More vainly turn and stretch to you my hands.

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BROADWAY, OUR LITERARY SIGNPOST

By Kenneth Andrews

With Sketches by the Author

ONE of the worst evils of puritanism is that it tends to drive its opponents to awful excesses. There is no reason why a non-conformist should not be an even tempered, reasonable being, but few of them seem to be. They almost invariably incline to go too far. This is strange but quite natural. A man discussing "The Demi-Virgin", for instance, with an intellectual equal might be quite lukewarm about it or even take the position that the theatre would have been as well off if the play had never been produced. But get the same man discussing the same subject with the Reverend John Roach Straton, and he will pass all bounds of decency in defending the show.

Perhaps it is because the essence of puritanism, or orthodoxy of any kind, is smugness. Somehow it is impossible to oppose smugness and retain one's natural graces. Under ordinary conditions one might emphasize his points merely by calling his opponent bad names and by a judicious use of profanity. But when faced with a truly smug person one finds it difficult to be subtle, and attempts to awaken the reasoning powers of his opponent by slapping him in the face or hitting him between the eyes.

Possibly the little band of crusaders who are trying to smash orthodoxy in the theatre of today started out with admirable, practicable, and honest ideals for the theatre of tomorrow. But the theatre is a place of great conservatism. Its opulent high priests are indeed smug. To impress them one must resort to strong measures. It is not enough to preach a new revelation persuasively and eloquently. One must bellow it through a megaphone. Even that is not enough. Before he really attracts attention the reformer must think up the most sensational way of putting what he has to say. The unhappy result of this is that by the time he succeeds in getting an audience he has become a ferocious evangelist. Worse, his message has become fearfully exaggerated. The reformer himself, enraged and embittered by his long fight, has forgotten all that was genuine in his original gospel and is now bent solely upon wrecking temples and shocking the laity.

The theatre itself, of course, cannot be greatly harmed by these forlorn visionaries. Its solid walls bear the scratches left by innumerable sieges. But there is a danger that sincere and promising young writing men, who really have a contribution of great value to make, may be caught at just the wrong time and be quite seriously injured.

A man like Eugene O'Neill, for instance, is an iconoclast to start with. The very breadth and power of his equipment set him apart and above. He does not need to strive for the ultra. Indeed it is a mistake for

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him to do so, a grievous mistake. It is in plays like "Anna Christie" and "The Straw"—plays of simple and conventional design—that his true power reveals itself. "The First Man" is not one of his best, but it does show his mastery in plumbing the souls of his people. It is when he applies that ruthless, melancholy imagination of his to commonplace people in usual, recognizable, commonplace surroundings that he approaches greatness. It is in the theatre of Forty-second Street that O'Neill belongs. While the stagy atmosphere of the actor's theatre might corrupt some, it can never harm O'Neill. If anything it can help him. And he cannot fail to influence the theatre powerfully if he stays inside it.

This applies to others quite as much as it does to O'Neill. If a dramatist takes his calling seriously, and really has something to say, the greatest danger is that he will fail to keep his feet on the ground. The more he has to say the greater this danger becomes. And during the formative years it is wise to stay away from the evangelists.

Due to the Lenten season this has been a rather barren month. It has been distinguished, one notes with some perplexity, by an unusual preponderance of girl shows. Looking over our notes we are appalled to discover that in the two weeks preceding Easter we saw six particularly frivolous musical comedies. However, punishment was meted out. We were compelled one evening to sit through a farce called "Lady Bug".

The most noteworthy play of the month was A. A. Milne's "The Truth About Blayds". It is a play—another one—with an almost perfect first act. The other acts are really quite as skilfully written; but, the play being what it is, they cannot recapture the interest which preceded the momentous disclosure of the truth about Blayds. If Milne had written his story as a long one act play, it would have been a gem. Divided into three full length acts the theme presents difficulties that few dramatists could surmount. In that delightful first act we see old Oliver Blayds, the poet, in all his glory. He is every inch a poet, a most ineffable poet. All the privilege of great fame is his. No oriental potentate ever received more attention than Blayds receives from his reverent family. A representative of the Younger Generation (apparently there is one in England also) calls on this,

O. P. Heggie

His characterization of Blayds, the last of the Victorians, who is clad in light and walks in glory, should somehow be preserved. They should make a talking movie of it for the guidance of all young actorettes who aspire to play old gentlemen.

his birthday, and on behalf of his fellow artists fawns upon Blayds. So far it is exceedingly amusing. It continues to be so until the discovery, after old Blayds has passed on, that an obscure person named Jenkins was

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the author of the poems which Blayds throughout his long career had palmed off as his own.

After this Milne has nothing left to do except tell how the family takes it, and what this tremendous change which undermines their whole scheme of living does to them. That is funny, too; but Blayds himself was the one we were most interested in. The others for us, and for the world they moved in, were important only as foils for the magnificence of Blayds. Milne makes every effort to keep the dead Blayds in the play. His spirit we feel always near. A huge portrait of him stares at us all evening. But Blayds is gone. It was really a great pity that he died at the end of the first act. It was necessary, no doubt, to preserve the integrity of Milne's conception that the old man go to his grave secure in his masquerade. But for the sake of stage effectiveness he should have lived at least one more act.

The production of Shaw's "Candida" given by Maurice Browne and Ellen Van Volkenburg is a gratifyingly sincere and competent one. It is the first play to be given in the "Repertory Theatre" which these two propose to establish in New York. Such a theatre as they seem to have in mind has long been sadly needed here. It is strange that in this dull season with so many actors "resting", and so much money lost on expensive productions of new plays, someone did not think of it before. With the theatre operated as it is at present in this country there is really no future for plays, no matter how worthy they may be, save a harsh and precarious career in scattered stock companies. There is no possibility of seeing good plays of a generation ago—plays which

THE DRAMA SHELF

"The Drama and the Stage" by Ludwig Lewisohn (Harcourt, Brace). More drama than the stage. Principles rather than current plays here enlist the chief attention of one of America's soundest critics.

"If" by Lord Dunsany (Putnam). Barrie did the same play much better under the title "Dear Brutus". Still, it is an attractive and fantastic treatment of the if-I-could-go-back-ten-years theme.

"The Image, and Other Plays" by Lady Gregory (Putnam). Three of the "other plays". They are typical Lady Gregory plays, so you will like them or you won't.

"Portrait of Mrs. W." by Josephine Preston Peabody (Houghton Mifflin). Miss Peabody, one notes with honest regret, is still introduced by her publishers as the author of "The Piper". In this play she attempts to retell in play form the story of the exotic Mary Wollstonecraft. Miss Peabody's long residence on Brattle Street has not helped her to an understanding of Mary.

"Three Plays" by M. Douglas Flattery (Four Seas). You may have wondered what a typical "road" play would look like in type. Here's your chance to find out.

"Sir David Wears a Crown" by Stuart Walker (Stewart Kidd). A charming little sequel to "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil".

"Thursday Evening" by Christopher Morley (Stewart Kidd). A simple and actable half hour play for amateurs.

"Shakspere to Sheridan" by Alwin Thaler (Harvard University). An unusual and valuable contribution because it treats as an organic unit of theatre history the period beginning with Shakespeare and ending two centuries after his impact on English drama. Full of illustrations, and unobtrusive notes. In itself it should solve the problem of the program committee in many a Thanatopsis Club.

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surely thousands would like to see—save in an occasional revival. And such a revival submits the play unjustly to all the exacting conditions which prevail in the theatre that must make money and make it fast. That is not fair or necessary. In a repertory, where such plays may be given for a week or two at a time, they can find their public gradually, and the repertory itself can be adjusted to this public's preference. No doubt Mr. Browne and Miss Van Volkenburg have some such plan as this. It is almost prayerfully that one wishes them success.

On the showing of their "Candida" we may believe that they have a shining career ahead of them in New York. Technically perhaps there were flaws; but what the company lacked in professional *savoir faire* they supplied in intelligence. They knew what Shaw meant, every one of them, which in itself makes it a unique production.

"Voltaire" by Leila Taylor and Gertrude Purcell, two newcomers, is

MAURICE BROWNE

As Eugene in "Candida" he succeeds in carrying out Shaw's almost impossible order. He makes us see Eugene as Shaw would have us see him: physically a weakling, intellectually bursting with energy; superficially a cad, fundamentally the most honorable of men.

EDDIE CANTOR

For him "Make It Snappy" was a coronation ceremony. He now is a One-Man-Show Man. Already you hear them say, "I knew that boy was good when I heard him sing 'After the Ball is Over the Ball Starts Rolling for Me'."

probably as bad as a play about Voltaire could be. As a matter of fact it has nothing to do with Voltaire at all. Arnold Daly was told to study all the pictures of Voltaire he could find and then see what wig and putty could do. The authors assembled some familiar quotations from the great man's works and asked Mr. Daly to memorize them. They wrote a Harold MacGrath story around him, resorting to secret panels, female disguises, and other such devices; and then had the courage to call their work "Voltaire".

"The Hindu" is the anæmic little brother of "The Green Goddess". There is a silky prince, with turban, who refers constantly to "my people". There is an elegant villain, who is such a gentleman that he calls the heiress "Miss Cartwright" when begging her to share his bed and board. At the end some wigs come off and we discover — well, something is said about Scotland Yard. The villain seemed surprised at this dénouement, but no one else in the theatre was except an old gentle-

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man in the balcony who had left his home in the Ozark Mountains, a week before, for the first time in seventy-two years. He had never seen a train before he clapped his eye on the one that brought him to New York. He had blundered into the Comedy Theatre thinking it was a church.

In "The Goldfish" we observe the progress of Jenny Jones from a flat in West Twenty-fourth Street to an apartment on Riverside Drive, and from there to the "lounge of an apartment in Park Avenue". Jenny accomplishes her dizzy ascent by studying "manners" under the fallen scion of a noble race (well played by Wilton Lackaye) and by marrying and remarrying skilfully. The fact that here in America she had to marry each time complicated the plot somewhat. In the original, which was French, it was simpler. The adaptation by Gladys Unger, under the circumstances, was done amusingly enough up to the end of the last act. There we were asked to weep with poor Jenny because her first husband had announced that he was going to marry his boss's daughter. That was too much. The play was false enough; but this attempt to sentimentalize it robbed it of the one virtue it had: its sophistication. One not only refused to weep with Jenny, but felt that somebody had played a trick on him.

"Make It Snappy" is a high-powered musical show, one of the best the Winter Garden has had for many a long day, which gives Eddie Cantor a chance to go as far as he likes. We nominate Cantor as the runner up to Ed Wynn for the title of the Funniest Man in New York. What one likes about Cantor is the way he tries. He gives all he has, and that is considerable. The scene where he is being examined for the police force is as funny as anything we can think of at the moment that Charlie Chaplin ever did.

"Letty Pepper" is the current slang for Charlotte Greenwood. The show is all hers. She is as vivacious as ever, but not quite so funny as she has been in other vehicles. There is a little too much assurance, an inclination to patronize the poor drones in her company who must do the hard work while she harvests the laughs.

"Some Party" presented by "De Wolf Hopper's Funmakers" enlists the services of Jed Prouty, Jefferson De Angelis, Lew Dockstader, Mr. Hopper, and others. What, oh what, should be done to these wicked old men? Each one of them apparently was permitted to do, for once, just what he wanted to do. After seeing the exhibition one has a new respect for the Librettists' Union.

"The French Doll", rather a heavy-footed comedy from the French of Paul Armont and Marcel Gerbidon, is redeemed by the presence of the immaculate and radiant Irene Bordoni. In "The Rose of Stamboul" the irrepressible James Barton is thoroughly repressed by a massive display of costumes, scenery, lights, and naked legs.

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THE LONDONER

Peace in the Publishing World - - Princess Bibesco and Women Novelists Attacked and Defended - - A. S. M. Hutchinson - - "The Garden-Party" - - Middleton Murry's Novel and "The Blue Review" - - The "Literary Supplement" - - Nichols - - Forster - - Pinero's Play - - Lectures About Books.

LONDON, *April* 1, 1922.

TODAY the packers' strike comes to an end. It has not lasted very long, and so the results have not been so serious as it was at one time feared that they might be. I understand that both sides are pleased with the settlement, which sounds as though there must be a catch in it somewhere for one or other of the parties, if not for both. However, it is settled, which is the main thing. I believe that the principal point which satisfies the workers is that a definite undertaking has been given by the employers relieving the other side of the fear of further sweeping reductions before the purchasing power of money has sufficiently increased. In fact we know where we are so far as wages are concerned until the year 1924. This is to the good. On the other hand the employers are similarly relieved by other undertakings, which include the abolition of coercive measures for the forcing of non-union men into the union, and a clear understanding as to the employer's right hereafter to make whatever reductions of staff may be necessary in face of adverse circumstances. This latter point is a reassurance only, for the principle was never in question. And there is not, on either side, any serious distrust of good faith. It is perhaps worth while to point out that the strike has considerably increased the power of the employers' federation, as it has brought new recruits and has led publishers for the first time to work together. If a strike can do this, we may possibly see at some future time greater unanimity on the matter of terms, prices, and so on. Until now it has been most difficult to make publishers see eye to eye on such points, and yet concerted action is essential if the book world is not to present eternally such ludicrous contrasts as have made it the sport of blacklegs hitherto.

The strike held up for a time several new books which were ready for publication. It interfered with novels more than any other sort of book, for the reason that strike conditions seriously affected the position of the lending libraries. These, whether their own staffs were technically "out" or not, could not accept delivery from all the publishers listed as "non-union" or as definitely engaged in the struggle. As a result, since the libraries are the largest purchasers of novels by all except a very few of the best novelists, it would have been ridiculous to publish novels with the knowledge that the greater number of preliminary orders would not be placed. No doubt there will now be a rush before Easter, and readers will find themselves in the position of having to make choice among a bewildering number of new books. No doubt the worst sufferers were those novels

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which appeared just on the eve of the strike. To the authors of such books —supposing the novels to be those which are read solely because they are new and for no other reason whatever—the sympathy of more fortunate authors should be extended. Whether novelists are a sympathetic class I will not try to determine; but I fancy there will be some of that pleasure in the minds of some of them which according to the French cynic always accompanies the misfortunes of our friends. At any rate, the feeling will in many cases be one of relief; and now that the strike is over a good many writers will breathe more freely.

* * * *

A very nice feeling has recently been shown by Hugh Walpole, who sprang to the defense of the women novelists who were attacked as a class by a writer in the "Saturday Review". The trouble arose from a review by some apparently aged person of the Princess Bibesco's book of short stories. The reviewer was shocked at this book on account of passages which are very distinctly in the manner of the time. That is to say, speeches and even expletives which any experience of the modern young woman would justify on the ground, if not of taste, at least of truth, were pilloried as unbecoming. The attack was extended by references to other novels by other young women, and the woman novelist as a type was most severely handled. In "The Mikado", when Koko is called to account for his untrustworthy story of the execution of Nanki Poo, he justifies the tale by the fact that the Mikado has said a man is to be executed, and that the Mikado's word is law. In view of this, the man is as good as dead. "Practically", says Koko, "he *is* dead. And if he's dead, why not say so?" That would be the tone of my reply to those who are shocked at the remarks attributed to young women in modern stories. They are such remarks as, rightly or wrongly, do fall from the lips of our maidens. And if so, why not say so? I admit that the remark has its weakness, in so far as we do not dwell upon a great many things which are said and done in real life; but on the other hand it would be a falsification to water down the speech and thought of the modern girl, and I see no point in it. The truth is that the modern girl is often sophisticated. She has assimilated a good deal of prurient stuff from men, from half baked reading, and from her own curiosity. She gives it out. It makes her a tiresome figure and a bore and all sorts of other nasty things; but you do not cure the state of things by pretending that it is not there; and the sooner we wake up to the fact that things are what they are, and not as we dream that they ought to be, the sooner we shall shake off the unpleasant convention and get back to cleanliness and sanity. And if the Princess Bibesco's book has no other merit, it is at least an historical document of this neurotic age of young womanhood.

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I suppose there has not in recent years been any more sensational fiction success than that of "If Winter Comes" by A. S. M. Hutchinson. All sorts of people are telling me tales of the earnings of the author to date, and I believe that the real sum is considerably in excess of the estimates I have heard. One very pleasant thing about the whole matter is that Hutchinson is as surprised and perhaps even puzzled by his own success as anybody else. He is not a self-advertiser, but lives quietly with his mother and a

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sister in a western district of London. His enthusiasm, I gather, is the collection of china, and he also has a taste in dogs. But anybody less like the figure of a world wide provider of enjoyment would be hard to find. Very shy, very modest, very delicate, Hutchinson is far from the exultant person one expects to find in a man who has at an early age assured himself of lifelong independence. I have not met a single person who grudges him success, although I have met a number of people who do not care for "If Winter Comes". One sapient critic—not very old in experience of the world, although he saw the war through from a giddy height—swore to me the other day that the book owed all its readers to one chapter only—the chapter in which the hero's experiments in bicycling are detailed with great humor. I am not prepared to support my young friend's view, but I mention the point. There is no doubt that in these passages Hutchinson came definitely into relation with the universal; and that, I think, is the explanation of the success of any book. If it expresses with point and humor what many have felt and have been unable to express, then it is taken to the bosoms of men in large quantities.

* * * *

I mentioned the Princess Bibesco's book just now. This collection of short stories had a certain vogue upon its appearance, and it must have had what is called a "fashionable" success. How far that will be lasting depends upon the degree in which its historical value is appreciated, and also upon its power to survive the hour. But since it appeared we have had another book of short stories, also by a woman, which has received such praise as rarely falls to contemporary work in this rather self-depreciating country. I refer to Katherine Mansfield's "The Garden-Party, and Other Stories". The title itself contains a hint of Miss Mansfield's method, for did not Mrs. Garnett give the title of "The Party" to one of her never-to-be-overpraised volumes of Chekhov's Tales? Miss Mansfield is in the Chekhov tradition. In so far as this is the case, she may be dismissed, as I have heard her dismissed, as derivative. But if that were all we should not have good judges tumbling over each other to do the stories justice. I grant that they are not robust; but they are delicate. If the book is published in America readers should make haste to confirm the English verdict upon it; and if American publishers have not yet realized the talent of Miss Mansfield (which, in view of the spirit and enterprise of American publishers, is incredible to me) then readers should get into touch with the mail, in order that the matter be rectified at the earliest possible moment. Good books are not so plentiful that any one of them should be missed.

* * * *

Middleton Murry, who is Katherine Mansfield's husband, seems to be in London, if one may judge by his fierce and instant retort to a criticism of some Shakespearian conjectures of his made in "The Observer" by St. John Ervine. He has added his contribution to the season's publishing in the shape of a particularly psychological novel called "The Things We Are". I have not read this book, but the press has been less unanimous about it than about "The Garden-Party". Very high praise was given in the "Times" both daily and literary. Other papers, always respectful, have been less enthusiastic; and I gather that some of the reviewers find the book

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sleepy work, so far as their own part of it goes. But the position of Murry is interesting. He has the temperament of a scholar, and he has made as many reputations for himself as about half a dozen men normally might do among them. At Oxford he enjoyed great reputation as a coming talent. He then came to London, and in conjunction with Katherine Mansfield started a monthly journal of the arts called "Rhythm". This was printed in very big black type, and had a number of very black illustrations by John Ferguson, Anne Estelle Rice, and others of a then modern style. "Rhythm" was hampered by various things, chief among them the fact that the editors were not capitalists. It did not pay for contributions. For years it struggled on — or at any rate for many months; and then suddenly it was merged in a new production called "The Blue Review". I remember going to the first meeting of proposed contributors to this review. It all sounded thrillingly as though the young talents of the day were at last coordinating to give the world a representative monthly comparable to the best French reviews. There were to be stories and poems; and the arts were to be grouped for consideration. The drama was to be handled by Gilbert Cannan, who then enjoyed the reputation of the best of all the young intellects—mordant and original. D. H. Lawrence was to keep an eye upon German literature. Murry himself took charge of the French. Walpole was to review all the fine novels which his enthusiasm discovered among "the stream constantly poured forth by the press". Albert Rothenstein (now Rutherston) was to be the art editor. I can remember that a large room at the Cheshire Cheese was full of distinguished youngsters, with one or two older men such as Filson Young and Eddie Marsh to keep us up to the scratch. It is so long ago now—it must be ten years—that my memory is not perfect; but besides most of those I have named such people as Norman Wilkinson (not the marine artist but his stage designing namesake), Duncan Grant, Michael Sadleir, and others since much better known than they were then, sat round the long table and toasted the success of the venture. Well, "The Blue Review" appeared; and it was not a very robust affair, either in its contents or its life. It survived only three or four monthly numbers, and disappeared. For a long time nobody heard very much of Murry; and then he reappeared as editor of the revived "Athenæum". But by now he had reached the point of making a close study of Russian literature, especially of Dostoyevsky, about whom he had written a philosophical critical study. He collected critical papers, and his critical reputation was established. He wrote poems, and his reputation as a poet was established. His first novel, "Still Life", did not belie its name; but his second, the one just published, is getting him a reputation as a novelist. Whatever he does is definitely sincere and able. I do not personally think his talent lies in the direction of creative work, because I do not think it is independent of his reflective gifts. I mean, that it does not work freely and clearly as the talent of the genuine creator does. He is interested in thoughts rather than in humans. His emotion does not fly to the heart because it is forever tempered and modified by his head. I may be wrong. I leave it always to others to say that I am right. But I think that Murry is a scholar, that he loves literature with

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a deep and true love, and that he is genuinely impatient and disgusted with whatever we have of insincere and shoddy work. This seems to be such a rare gift that personally I deplore the merging of "The Athenæum" with "The Nation" and the absence from current literary journalism of a disinterested critical organ. Other such disinterested organs remain, of course, and one hopes they will survive; but there is no knowing.

* * * *

Of these disinterested organs, those devoted to letters seem to be "The London Mercury" and the "Times Literary Supplement". Of the disinterested character of the former nobody has any doubt at all, though it seems to be accompanied by a curious bigotry or puritanism. And there are always rumors about the "Times Literary Supplement", which may at any time be once again incorporated in the daily issue and so lose the greater part of its distinctive value. Why there should be any thought of discontinuing the weekly paper I cannot imagine, for it is palpably a profitable concern; but there it is. The loss would be severe, not only because the standard of criticism in the "Supplement" is high (it is in fact very variable), but because there is no other paper to take the place so conspicuously filled by the "Supplement" as an honest, well informed record of all the books published each week in the country. If it should ever disappear, the need for a new paper with identical aims will be at once apparent. I venture a suggestion — "The Athenæum" has never died. Let it be revived and carried on afresh! But I hope that these recurring rumors about the "Supplement" will be dispersed, and that we shall continue to have our weekly literary *vade mecum*.

I think I mentioned the other month that everybody was writing plays. The latest news is that the play by Robert Nichols which has been simmering for so long is at last to be published, with a portentous preface. Nichols is hurrying back to England, and will be here in a fortnight from now. He will have a busy six months' holiday before resuming his professorship at Tokyo. Besides the play, he is to publish a volume of stories, the quality of which, although not constant, is so high, and the character so different from anything which is being done by any other young writer of today, that I expect the book to make something of a stir.

Another writer who has been a long time absent from England is E. M. Forster, who has been in India. He is just returned, and is more than ever absorbed in the mystery of that bright jewel. It is only his second visit, but he has been hardly at all in the parts which the average Englishman visits. For weeks together he has traveled and stayed in districts where there is no white colony, and it is both good and remarkable that he has everywhere encountered nothing but kindness. Only, he says, in those particularly "British" parts of India where one would expect such a thing, has he found any trace of hostility to the white. I hope that he will write a book about India, for Forster is a better critic than most, and he has seen the country not as a British possession or as a tract of strange land, but as the home of a different civilization altogether. He has been trying to understand the minds of India. If anybody is at all curious to see what Indian intellect did in ancient days there is plenty of scope in the translations of ancient literature; and a man like Draper puts the

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early Hindu theology very much higher in philosophic rank than anything with which he can compare it. But Draper is out of date as a guide, and in any case his treatment was summary. What we want from Forster—since it seems he will never write another novel—is a fresh interpretation.

* * * *

A. A. Milne's play, "The Dover Road", which has already been seen in New York, is to follow the revival of Barrie's "Quality Street" at the Haymarket Theatre. If it should happen that the revival of "Mr. Pim Passes By" is successful it may well prove that Milne will have two plays running simultaneously in the West End. This is not a feat which has been achieved by anybody since the war except Galsworthy and Barrie; and in their cases the double event is caused by the Galsworthy season at the Court Theatre and the inclusion of Barrie's little spoof "Shall We Join the Ladies?" in the program of which Galsworthy's "Loyalties" is the major part. Pinero's play in the Barrie manner, "The Enchanted Cottage", seems to be a real success, contrary to the general expectation. This is due in some degree to good acting, although of course Pinero's sense of the stage is constant, with good results so far as audiences are concerned. But the play is a poor play. Where Barrie wisely leaves fairies to the imagination, Pinero puts them on the boards. And the fairies look very substantial, and in their caperings they make the boards creak. The second act of the play contains some of the queerest revelations of English mentality that I have ever seen; and it produces the most unexpected results. The lovers are inhabiting a cottage used greatly for honeymooning during the ages. When they have gone up to bed hand in hand substantial spirits of the previous tenants of the cottage come in at the window, pair by pair, in various antique costumes; and after some coquettish play they too ascend the stairs hand in hand. There is some tittering in the theatre as the audience begins to feel that the accommodation upstairs must be proving a little inadequate for all these newcomers. But when there is suddenly shown at the end of the act the husband and wife in bed together, the husband most unromantically lying asleep on his back, the curtain falls to such hearty laughter as I personally found irresistible.

* * * *

The Society of Bookmen, about which I have already given some details, has begun a series of lectures and debates for the further encouragement of reading and literature in this city. Two of these have been held, with great success. First of all, Sidney Dark, who is a member of the society, delighted a large audience with a discourse on "The New Reading Public". He has had great facilities for the discovery of the new reading public in virtue of his associate editorship of "John o' London's Weekly". This is a twopenny weekly journal which is devoted to books, and which deals with them in a popular manner. It is really an educational paper, and carries on the good work first begun when T. P. O'Connor started "T. P.'s Weekly". The latter paper had a curious history. It was started by T. P., and the acting editor was Wilfred Whitten, who was once associated with "The Academy" in the days of Lewis Hind. For years it had great success. Arnold Bennett contributed to its pages several series of papers afterward incorporated into

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volumes such as "Literary Taste", etc. Then the management of the paper for some reason passed into other hands, its title was changed, and the war finished it off as a weekly. The title which it last bore, "To-day", was continued as that of a small monthly periodical, edited by Holbrook Jackson. "To-day" is still flourishing. But Wilfred Whitten two years ago brought out the first number of "John o' London's Weekly" on the lines of "T. P.'s Weekly", and I believe that it fills a valuable place in weekly journalism. Sidney Dark has done much to help the paper forward, and he has a right to speak with authority on the taste of the buyers of cheap books and classical reprints.

The second effort of the society was a debate between author, publisher, bookseller, and a member of the general public on the subject of book publicity. Michael Sadleir was the author-publisher and J. G. Wilson was the bookseller. Wilson is managing the shop of T. and E. Bumpus, one of the biggest bookshops in London. He is a Scotsman whose acquaintance with books is altogether exceptional. He came some years ago from the north to the shop of Jones and Evans in the city; and Jones and Evans's shop has been the haunt of bookmen for years. A good book can be shown to Wilson, and be recognized as a good book. When I say that I may perhaps be allowed to quote the phrase of Balzac and say, "A single word, that says everything, and sets you dreaming." I couldn't say it of many booksellers; but it could not be left unsaid regarding Wilson. Michael Sadleir, who I think is on the committee of the society, needs no introduction to American readers of "Privilege". He is one of the novelist-publishers who live that strange as it were amphibious life which leads to early death, or is calculated to do so. I never think of this type of man without thinking of Kipling's line:

> 'E's a kind of a giddy harumfrodite—
> soldier an' sailor too!

After such a good beginning, the society should go very far.

SIMON PURE

BEES

By Lola Ridge

BEES over the gooseberry bushes,
Bees with golden thighs
Climbing out of pale flowers
(Bees singing to you for a long while,
You sitting quite still,
Holding the sun in your lap),
Bees, take care!
You may catch fire in the sun,
If you venture so high in blue air.

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TAG DAY FOR IMMORTALS

By Edward E. Paramore, Jr.

THE most disappointing thing about THE BOOKMAN'S chart of critical values, published last month, was the fact that no conservative critic could be induced to mark the list. If "Vanity Fair's" list was a trap for advanced critics, THE BOOKMAN'S bait should have been laid to rake in the reactionaries. But the Old Guard of American criticism was too wise, too supercilious, and too serious minded to play holy-out on Mount Parnassus. They probably sensed that a miserable time was in store for them at the hands of the left wing if they committed themselves on Aristotle, Charlie Chaplin, Margaret Sanger, and Krazy Kat. Accordingly, Messrs. Paul Elmer More, Stuart Sherman, Irving Babbitt, and Brander Matthews deserve to be commended for their sagacity and rebuked for spoiling a lot of good fun.

The critics who did send in lists have been called the centre of American critical opinion, but the truth is that native criticism cannot be divided into a right, left, and centre, like some European socialist party. The stratification of opinion is more complicated than that. We have first of all a great host of younger men, most of them under forty—literary editors, reviewers, free lances, and professional critics—who appear to be radicals. When they are not laying siege to all the social, political, economic, and religious institutions in America in order to consolidate the dignity and freedom of art and letters (which are continually being threatened by vice societies, and debased by money grubbing and career mongering), they are busy demolishing the last vestiges of the literary tradition that officially perished with William Dean Howells and the Stedman Anthology, and clearing the ground for the acceptance of new forms and unfamiliar talents. Secondly, we have a small but eminent group of critical tertiaries, who usually surpass the young intellectuals in special literary scholarship, but for whom the present does not seem to exist at all. Their approval of the old order in morals, manners, and politics is equaled only by their intransigent allegiance to archaic critical standards. They can never forgive Rousseau for inaugurating the romantic movement, and spend their critical energies in a perpetual wake over the corpse of New England classicism. In between these extremes there are a few hermit critics who possess immense erudition, but who have no interest in current literary controversy and belong to no particular school of criticism. They are not properly "centrists" at all but complete independents, immersed in special tasks of research and interpretation. The "radicals", being greatly in the majority, have captured almost every newspaper and magazine in the country which has any serious literary pretensions, leaving to the conservatives little more than the New York "Times", the Boston "Transcript", and a half interest in "The Atlantic Monthly".

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Now what the BOOKMAN and "Vanity Fair" charts have done, besides providing an amusing game by measuring all degrees and ages of genius by the same yardstick, is to show that our "radical" critics are, in their artistic standards, as conservative, "sound", respectable, and reverent as any instructor teaching Freshman English in a Kansas college. What correctly brought up professor would not choose Shakespeare, Bach, Beethoven, Leonardo, Dante, Plato, Washington, and Lincoln among the greatest figures of all time? So did the nineteen "Vanity Fair" and BOOKMAN critics. And where is the conservative who would dare give more than a small plus mark to any American writer or artist now living? Neither would the "radicals". The claques, the log-rolling, and the legend of reputations manufactured by the fanaticism of youthful critics, turns out to be a local and contemporary business, never out of its proper perspective.

It cannot be said that the BOOKMAN critics differ from the "Vanity Fair" critics in any important respect. Cut from the same cloth, they have the same cultural background, and the same sympathies, prejudices, antipathies, and artistic tastes. At first glance the BOOKMAN critics seem to be less violently disposed toward the politicians and the moralists, and more moderate in their enthusiasms, but this is found to be due to the temperate influence of Henry Canby and John Farrar in whose verdicts one detects a mild case of editor's tact, or mercy compulsion. By being kind to dumb animals and observing an editorial deference to patriotic heroes, they have managed to mitigate the sentences of Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Marshal Foch, Harding, and the various "boob bumpers". The BOOKMAN group does not care much for modern painting and music, is impervious to the call of jazz, sport, and low comedy, but has a wider interest in social questions than the "Vanity Fair" group. The high ranking of Nietzsche and Ludendorff on "Vanity Fair's" chart, and the comparatively low rating of Lenin, was due largely to the militarist-imperialist flourish of Mencken and Nathan. The general pacifism of the BOOKMAN group, combined with the gentle motif of patriotism alluded to, is responsible for the opposite effect on the BOOKMAN chart. This independence of opinion seems to me to contain good evidence of the intellectual integrity and stamina of both groups of critics. Their judgment of German generals, German philosophers, bolshevik statesmen, pacifists, and conscientious objectors was absolutely uninfluenced by the hysteria of the official propaganda. No amount of subsidized blurbing could convince them that Roosevelt and Wilson were great men, or that Lenin and Debs, regardless of their beliefs, are not entitled to more respect on their intrinsic merits.

There are few people in controversy on the BOOKMAN list. The dissenting votes of John Macy and Floyd Dell are strong enough to make Amy Lowell the only living American writer on the minus side of the scale. Van Doren and Jones manage to wreck Kipling's average, and he barely crawls over the line with a + 1 . 1 . Canby and Farrar save Roosevelt and Wilson from the disgrace meted out to them by "Vanity Fair", but Krazy Kat and Napoleon inspire the widest disagreement. The opinions on Herriman's whimsical creation of fantasy, imagination, and wit, range from the

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+ 25 of Macy, through the zeros of Boyd and Lewisohn, to — 25 from Jones. Napoleon, defended by Canby, Farrar, Jones, Macy, and Van Doren, and ignored by Boyd, receives an emphatic blackball from Floyd Dell, Lewisohn, and Untermeyer.

The most illuminating things about the BOOKMAN chart, of course, as in the case of "Vanity Fair", are the self-portraits of the critics. Ernest Boyd, perhaps our greatest authority on contemporary European literature, is found to possess no other discoverable interests whatsoever. He is indifferent to politics, sport, jazz, labor, and industry, and aside from some irritation at native puritanism, and an heroic admiration for Mencken and Nathan, to whom he gives + 25, he is concerned only with his specialty.

The marks assigned by Henry Canby and John Farrar constitute the most astonishing feature of the whole chart. Out of 120 names they agreed about all but one—that is to say, only in the case of Ludendorff did one mark a plus (Farrar) where the other marked a minus (Canby). In 34 cases their marks were absolutely identical, in 20 cases they were separated by one point, and in 21 cases by two points! The disparity between their figures was never more than nine, except in the case of Babe Ruth, whom Canby marked O, and Farrar + 15.

Floyd Dell appears as a typical revolutionary intellectual, a Marxian, and a scientific materialist, who, it would seem, is interested in literature chiefly as social documentation. With becoming immodesty he gives himself + 3 and marks his contemporaries as follows: Amy Lowell —10, Cabell —10, Scott Fitzgerald + 1, Nathan + 2, Mencken + 2, Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, and Dos Passos (triumverate of peers!) + 3, and Dreiser + 5.

Llewellyn Jones is another literary critic who is preoccupied with social questions. As a radical, he is even truer to type than Dell. It is evident that he is in favor of the social revolution and all its works, including soviets, birth control, and sex emancipation. He is besides a warm defender of the new movements in American art, literature, and the drama. In short, clearly a case for the attention of the Ku Klux Klan.

Ludwig Lewisohn is distinguished by the moderation of his opinions. Save for a belligerent pacifism that smites both Foch and Ludendorff with a —25, he is sparing of praise and blame alike. He also differs from the others in his active hostility to jazz, being the only man in either the "Vanity Fair" or BOOKMAN group to give Irving Berlin a minus.

John Macy, Louis Untermeyer, and Carl Van Doren contribute further evidence of the fact that progressive criticism in the United States has, in the past decade, evolved a definite point of view from which individuals do not appreciably vary. Its cultural roots are deep in the past; its sympathy with modern æsthetic creeds is sincere but not extravagant (except in the heat of journalistic combat); and it is always striving to encourage a free and vigorous native literature, without regard for dogmatic standards. It is cynical about politics and modern business; it hates puritanism and "Americanism"; it is liberal or radical in social philosophy. Ten of the nineteen critics who filled out the "Vanity Fair" and BOOKMAN lists fit the formula perfectly. In the other nine, only an article of the credo here and there is missing.

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THE POEMS OF THE MONTH

Selected by John Farrar

IN the March magazines there is one poem that stands out definitely above all others. Perhaps you have heard Carl Sandburg read "The Windy City". If not, you will find it in the March 23rd number of "The New Republic". Formless to some, perhaps, filled with elusive rhythms and colored by slang words that vie with softer syllables for a place in the musical scheme, it seems to me a great interpretation of a great city. I quote the close:

Winds of the Windy City,
Winds of corn and sea blue,
Spring wind white and fighting winter gray,
Come home here—they nickname a city for you.

The wind of the lake shore waits and wanders.
The heave of the shore wind hunches the sand piles
The winkers of the morning stars count out cities
And forget the numbers.

Then, from "Poetry", I have chosen another Sandburg poem. The other verses selected are harmless, gentle lyrics, all of them a trifle wistful. Elinor Wylie's "Pity Me" I find beautiful but difficult to understand with a last line that mars the whole. "The Old Sailor" is better than most of Glenn Ward Dresbach's verse. It has fine lines; but does not attain the definitive musical whole which should be demanded of the sonnet. Joseph Auslander has an interesting experiment in English rhythm, perhaps too subtle in shading to appeal to the average reader.

PROTEST IN PASSING

This house of flesh was never loved of me!
This frail white arrogance of sounding towers,
How it has held me through the ordained hours
That I must pass to whiter dignity.
When sleep came beckoning, how I leapt, for then
I knew the low, half-flights of hampered wing,
But now there comes a surer Beckoning,
I go, nor shall endure these rooms again.

I have been held too long by closed-in walls,
By masonry of muscle, blood and bone,
This quaking house of flesh that was my own—
High roof-tree of the heart, see, how it falls!
I go . . . . . but pause upon the threshold's rust
To shake from off my feet my own dead dust.

Leonora Speyer
—*The Measure*

GYPSY MOTHER

In a hole-in-a-wall on Halsted Street sits a gypsy woman,
In a garish, gas-lit rendezvous, in a humpback higgling hole-in-a-wall.

The left hand is a tattler; stars and oaths and alphabets
Commit themselves and tell happenings gone, happenings to come, pathways of honest people, hypocrites.

"Long pointed fingers mean imagination; a star on the third finger says a black shadow walks near."
Cross the gypsy's hand with fifty cents, and she takes your left hand and reads how you shall be happy in love, or not, and whether you die rich, or not.
Signs outside the hole-in-a-wall say so, misspell the promises, scrawl the superior gypsy mysteries.

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A red shawl on her shoulders falls with a fringe hem to a green skirt.
Chains of yellow beads sweep from her neck to her tawny hands.
Fifty springtimes must have kissed her mouth holding a calabash pipe.

She pulls slow contemplative puffs of smoke. She is a shape for ghosts of contemplation to sit around and ask why something cheap as happiness is here; and more besides than plain happiness, chapped lips, rough eyes, red shawl, gypsy perfection of offhand insolence.
She is thinking about somebody and something—the same as Whistler's mother sat and thought about somebody and something.

In a hole-in-a-wall on Halsted Street are stars, oaths, alphabets.

Carl Sandburg
—*Poetry*

SOMEWHERE A LONELY BIRD

Somewhere a lonely bird makes incoherence lovelier
Than song of knitted gold:
O I have never heard
Slim water beating in a white-birch thicket
Or deftly-syllabled singing bird
So frail, so fugitive, so uncontrolled!

I will not speak, nor with the shadow of my listening
Affront your loneliness;
Let me the rather go
To mine, the agony of stammered words
Your wild dark throat can hardly guess,
Your wild dark music never, never know.

Joseph Auslander
—*The New Republic*

MATURITY

He is companioned secretly
When, with meditative feet,
He passes down an idle street.

A slow and misted company
Disputes his solitude. Ahead,
Like figures in a pageant, tread
All his tomorrows with eyes that peer
Over the near horizon's rim.
He cannot hear above the dim
Sound of their feet; he cannot clear
His thought from the restricting gaze
Fastened upon him from behind,
Where follow the gracelessly resigned
Figures of his yesterdays.

Hazel Hall
—*The New Republic*

THE OLD SAILOR

A white cloud drifts to meet a sail at sea
Come in from ports that one may yearn to know,
And here beside the road a slanted tree
Seems peering down on splendors tossed below.
Beneath the shade a deeper shadow stirs,
A vagabond gives voice unto his dream,
He says, "My ship had wider sails than hers;
But see, still distant, how they strain and gleam."
Now in his rags as tattered as the sails,
Blown in on rocks of some disastrous shore,
He walks a road beside the sea and hails
The ships that left him strong of arm no more.
At farms, a little inland, where he begs
He blusters still and walks with seaman's legs.

Glenn Ward Dresbach
—*The Century*

PITY ME

Pity the wolves who prowl unsleeping
Guarding the pasture from a thief;
Pity the proud leopards weeping
Tears of subtle grief.

Pity the savage panthers sheathing
Sharp disdain in silken gloves;
Pity the golden lions breathing
Fire upon their loves.

Pity the prickly star that frightens
The Christ Child with its shattered spear;
Pity the midnight when it lightens;
Pity me, my dear.

Elinor Wylie
—*The Measure*

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THE BOOKMAN'S LITERARY CLUB SERVICE

In its July issue THE BOOKMAN *will publish the second of May Lamberton Becker's articles on the club program. In connection with this series, and with later papers on similar subjects, and in cooperation with the Extension Division of the New York Public Library, we are inaugurating a new Service for Literary Clubs. The editor of* THE BOOKMAN *and his advisers and associates will answer promptly and to the best of their ability, any question confronting any literary club. Such questions should be addressed "*THE BOOKMAN *Literary Club Service".*

Commencing with the August number of THE BOOKMAN *a series of club programs will be announced. These programs will be supplemented by essays and bibliographies on the subjects involved. Various other magazines have promised to cooperate with us in publishing correlated articles. These programs will be formed not by the editors of this magazine, but by a board of advice which is now being formed and which will include names from various lines of literary thought in America, so that the result will represent no one group: such names as Mary Austin, Hamlin Garland, Carl Van Doren, Kenneth Macgowan, Gertrude Atherton, Burton Rascoe, William Lyon Phelps, Ludwig Lewisohn, etc. We believe that this service and these programs will give to our readers, whether or not they be club members, a clear understanding both of the history and the present current of American writing.* THE BOOKMAN *announces also a Bureau of Lecturers, which will enable the small literary club to obtain excellent speakers at moderate rates.*

The following information on the Little Theatre movement, compiled by Pierson Underwood, may well prove suggestive for a year's club program or, in abbreviated form, for an afternoon's study. An outline for a club study of French literature past and present is given by Mr. de Lanux in this month's "Foreign Notes and Comment".

THE LITTLE THEATRE

I. THE MOVEMENT IN EUROPE

A. The Théâtre Libre of André Antoine, Paris, 1887.

André Antoine was a clerk in the Gas Company, but with a love of the drama and a hatred of the "commercial" theatre as it existed then. Recruiting a company as humble of origin and as enthusiastic as himself, he established, in October, 1887, at 37 Elysée des Beaux Arts, his Théâtre Libre, which was destined to prove the real beginner of the Little Theatre movement. The fact that these people were (in a sense) unsophisticated, and of fresh "unliterary" imagination, was a good thing. It made them, as Pierre Loving says, "the best sort of raw material for the stage". They had few prejudices, except against the stereotyped drama of the French stage in 1887. "Artistic empiricism was the *raison d'être* of the Théâtre Libre." Being bound by no rigid traditions nor the desire of making big profits, their virtue was that they began experimentation,—in new sorts of plays and new sorts of stage settings and methods of producing. They brought in "naturalism", which does not necessarily mean the unpleasant variety of realism, and is *never* the sort of so-called realism which brings the house cat, in her own person, onto the stage (as in Belasco productions) by way of making a "realistic effect". Also, having a small theatre where the seats were taken by subscription in advance, they achieved that sort of *intimacy* between players and audience for which the Little Theatre now stands. The Little Theatre does not necessarily imply a small stage; it means, as I take it, three things:

1. The experimental spirit.
2. Non-commercialism.
3. The sort of close connection between players and audience that puts part of the burden of creating mood or "realizing" the significance of a given play on the audience itself.

And the last can certainly be managed more easily in a theatre that seats 300, for instance, than in one that seats 3,000.

Among the new playwrights (new to Paris at least) whose plays André Antoine's company produced, were George Ancey, Pierre Wolf, Eugène Brieux.

B. Lugne Poe's Théâtre de L'Œuvre.

This followed André Antoine's "Free

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Theatre''. Pierre Loving calls it the ''first 'workshop' theatre''.

C. The Moscow Art Theatre of Constantine Stanislavsky, 1890.

Stanislavsky's company was also ''enlisted from unspoiled raw material''. ''Gordon Craig was given free rein'' (as scene designer) ''in the matter of mise-en-scène with the result of the famous production of 'Hamlet', with black curtains.'' *(Pierre Loving, in the introduction to Frank Shay's ''The Plays and Books of the Little Theatre''.)* This shows the Moscow Art Theatre's attitude toward stage settings as free, experimental, and ''progressive''. As for plays, Anton Chekhov's ''The Sea-Gull'' and Maxim Gorky's ''Submerged'' were first produced at this theatre. ''Revolutionary'' plays, at that time. Nevertheless the theatre made over $50,000 yearly.

D. Wyspianski's Theatre at Cracow, 1890–1896.

In the years between 1890 and 1896, Wyspianski, the great Polish painter and poet, had established his own theatre at Cracow. Wyspianski hoped to make it ''the theatre of the Polish conscience''. He produced only the plays of Polish playwrights, but was *experimental* in policy, within that field. Referring to the tendency of this theatre in the matter of stage settings Constance D'Arcy Mackay (in ''The Little Theatre in the United States'') says that it used a great deal of ''symbolic'' scenery; but that Wyspianski also managed an ''illusion stage'' by ingenious arrangements of lighting.

E. The Independent Theatre of J. T. Grein, London, 1891.

No scenic innovations. Progressive in choice of plays, both English and foreign. Run on subscription system. Made barely $2,000 a year. Lasted six years.

F. The Stage Society, London, 1897.

Introduced the plays of Shaw to the English public. It did not own a theatre building, or consist of a fixed band of players. It made no particular contributions in the way of ''stylization'' (*Mackay*). Its performances were somewhat sporadic and it eventually disappeared.

G. The Art Theatre of Madame Vyera Kommisarzhevsky, Petrograd, 1904.

''Symbolism'', and ''symbolic'' plays.

H. Max Reinhardt's Kammerspielhaus, Berlin, 1905.

Like André Antoine and Stanislavsky, one of the great influences on the new movement in the theatre was Max Reinhardt. He and his intimates, who called themselves the ''Schall und Rauch'' group, began giving plays in a restaurant for their own amusement. Later they moved into a theatre hall, the Künstlerhaus, which they renamed the Kleines Theater. Here they produced one act plays by Strindberg, Wilde, Wedekind and von Hofmannsthal. In 1905, Reinhardt became director of the Deutsches Theater, a large ''non-intimate'' affair. At the same time he bought a dance hall, which he remodeled into a theatre seating 300, called the Kammerspielhaus, which was genuinely of the Little Theatre type. Reinhardt experimented in three types of drama: the naturalistic (represented by plays of Ibsen, Shaw, Wolf, etc. and one act plays by Strindberg, Schnitzler and others); the poetic (represented by plays of Maeterlinck, Goethe, von Hofmannsthal, Eduard Stucken, etc.); and the decorative (as ''Sumurun'' and ''Salome''). These last were gorgeous, pictorial, leaning to the eastern in color. In ''Sumurun'' scenery without perspective was used, greatly heightening its effectiveness *(Mackay)*. Reinhardt broke totally new experimental ground in Germany. And by the force, energy, and range of his interests, contributed greatly to the impetus of new movements in the theatre everywhere.

I. August Strindberg's Intimate Theatre at Stockholm, 1907.

Strindberg established a Scandinavian Experimental Theatre at Holte, near Copenhagen, for the production of his own plays. This first project was abandoned after the ''Pariah'' and ''Creditors'' had been given. In 1907, with the help of August Falk, the Intimate Theatre at Stockholm, Sweden was founded, with the object of trying out new experiments both in playwrighting and in production. Strindberg wrote many plays for this theatre (which produced, like the first one, only his own things). He believed, as did Antoine, in reducing stage setting to ''interchangeable backgrounds and a few stage properties''. Characteristics: theatre-scenic simplification, repertory, experimentation. The theatre seated 200 people.

J. The Convex Mirror Theatre of Petrograd, 1911.

Plays with new ideas—ideas not only dramatic and literary but political as well—

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as Andreyev's "Sabine Women". Less stress on stage decoration.

K. George Fuchs's Art Theatre of Munich.

Followed Reinhardt in using perspectiveless background, though lacking Reinhardt's color. "Neutral tones and ascetic lines mark the stylization of the Munich Art Theatre." Not entirely devoted to drama. Alternated plays and operas.

L. The Irish Players.

"More a national theatre than a true Little Theatre" (*Mackay*). Produced the plays of Irish authors, J. M. Synge, Yeats, Lady Gregory, and so on. A repertory group, who sought simplicity in scenery and production. Purpose not primarily experimentation.

M. Gertrude Kingston's Little Theatre in London.

N. Jacques Rouché's Théâtre des Arts, Paris.

O. The Vieux Colombier of Jacques Copeau, Paris.

The last Little Theatre to be established before the Great War and one of the most important. An extremely interesting group, keenly absorbed in all the problems of the theatre,—scenery, stage management, playwrighting; and equally strong in the department of acting (which is not true of the Little Theatre generally, and particularly not true in America). Many of the Vieux Colombier actors are also playwrights, but they do not limit themselves to the production of their own plays. They produce the work of playwrights new and old, French and foreign. Henri Pierre Roche says that Copeau "is to the France of today what Antoine was to Paris twenty-five years ago". Copeau himself says, "We do not know what the Theatre of Tomorrow will be like. We only know that we are enemies of the commercial theatre as it exists today." Copeau has a small theatre, seating 500, rue du Vieux Colombier, in the Latin Quarter, Paris.

II. PROGRESS IN THE UNITED STATES

A. The First Little Theatres to be Established, 1911–1912.

Little Theatres, properly so called, were established in America only in 1911-1912. In that year were founded Maurice Browne's Little Theatre in Chicago and Mrs. Lyman Gale's Toy Theatre in Boston. Both have now ceased functioning. Maurice Browne's, while it lasted, was quite a force in the direction of new departures in the theatre in Chicago. Like Copeau's repertory group, its choice of plays was catholic, including, for example, Euripides's "Trojan Women", Maurice Browne's "The King of the Jews", and Maurice Baring's "Catharine Parr". It was experimental and progressive both in stage settings and in plays. But, like many other of the Little Theatres that have been founded in America, having opened such new paths as it was able to, it "served its turn" and disappeared.

B. The Washington Square Players, New York, 1915–1918.

A group of writers, artists, etc., interested in trying out various new ideas they had. Their first performance was given in a room at the back of the Washington Square Bookshop, with improvised scenery by one of the original group, Robert Edmond Jones. Success with this venture encouraged them to hire the Bandbox Theatre (in a rather inaccessible part of New York) for the season 1915-1916; and in the fall of 1916 they moved up to the Comedy Theatre in the Broadway theatre district. In some ways it was a pity that they had to charge more for their seats; to attract (therefore) a slightly different class of people as well as their original patrons who made the subscription list at the Bandbox; and to compete, in a sense, with much bigger theatrical organizations and with the "straight commercial" theatre. They began to include professionals with their original cast. Though this undoubtedly improved the acting, still the new actors had not been members of the group when it began as a purely experimental organization. In consequence of all these facts the group began to lose a little of its individualistic and revolutionary character. The professional (not necessarily the commercial) theatre may, obviously, be a fine thing in itself. But the value of the Little Theatre as such, lies (as Pierre Loving points out) in the very fact that it is a *revolt*, and that it therefore possesses some of the fervor and fire that goes with any revolt, good or bad.

Nevertheless, some of the best things the Washington Square Players did were produced in 1916-1917 at the Comedy, such as "Bushido", the finely austere Japanese tragedy by Takedo Izumo (which gained a nearly unbearable effectiveness from the very restraint of the acting and stage setting), and "Trifles" by Susan Glaspell.

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At any rate, through a combination of causes (one of which was that many of their members entered the army), the Washington Square Players came to an end, as a separate organization, in 1918. They had accomplished much in the direction of simple, suggestive stage settings of every sort; they introduced the work of many foreign playwrights to America; and, not least, they produced the work of many young and original American writers who might otherwise never have had a hearing.

C. Stuart Walker's Portmanteau Theatre, started 1915–1916.

A portable theatre and a group of players under the control of Stuart Walker. An interesting example of the reduction of scenery to its lowest terms. The stage consisted of one unchangeable interior: two side walls, with a blue-curtained door in each one, and an arch across the back. In the arch a painted scene, different for each play and so determining the spirit of it, was hung. Stuart Walker was one of the first to produce Dunsany. He gave, among others, "The Gods of the Mountain" (three short acts), "The Glittering Gate", and "The Golden Doom" (one act). Dunsany is one of the discoveries of the Little Theatre for which it deserves exclusive credit. Walker also produced his own plays, as, for example, "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil", and his own "interludes", a new variant of dramatic sketch played by two or three characters before closed curtains; such affairs as "The Very Naked Boy". The Portmanteau Theatre is no longer in existence. It contributed Dunsany, so to speak (to choose one thing), and departed. Of course it never was quite able to stand on its own feet, but depended on the enthusiasm and love for it of Mr. Walker to keep it going.

D. Arts and Crafts Theatre of Detroit, 1916.

This was another interesting Little Theatre, founded by Sam Hume, which is now gone. On the side of stage settings, Hume made experiments in a direction suggested by Gordon Craig, that is, in the use of squares, cubes, and cylinders, against a flat background and flooded with white or colored limelight to *suggest* cliffs, castles, or whatever was desired. An interesting example of the tendency of the Little Theatre to throw part of the burden of imagination on the audience (not confined any longer, by the way, to the Little Theatre).

E. The Provincetown Players, 1915.

One of the Little Theatres that has most consistently maintained a high standard and kept closest to its original purpose; one, also, which is still in existence. A group, like the Washington Square Players, of writers and actors, inquiring and experimental in aim. In their ranks were such playwrights as Eugene O'Neill, Susan Glaspell, and David Pinski. They still maintain their experimental spirit, as witness their recent production of Susan Glaspell's play "The Verge", which shows normality verging on insanity (in the persons of various people) through the "attempt to break away from stereotyped ways of living and create, so to speak, new 'patterns' for life". The scenery for this was "expressionist", which sought, as I understand it, to represent the attitude toward the scene felt by the people in the play, rather than the actual appearance of the room as it would seem to the eyes of an unmoved observer. Of course this means merely that the Provincetown Players are attempting to carry into stage designing the methods of painting begun some time ago by such people as Matisse and Picasso in France. Robert Edmond Jones tried the same thing in Lionel Barrymore's production of "Macbeth" last year; though whether successfully or not, is a point of dispute. An "expressionist" production of "King Lear" at the Community Theatre of Pasadena, California is said to have been successful, in that the impression wished was actually conveyed to the audience. So the scenery for "The Verge" is not absolutely a new and original departure on the part of the Provincetown Players. But it is in a field still comparatively untried, still open to experimentation; as is also the play itself.

The Provincetown Players began in the summer colony at Provincetown, Cape Cod. Their first theatre was a fish house. Then they moved to the Playwright's Theatre, Macdougal Street, New York, where they still are. They produce mostly the work of their own group, but do not confine themselves to that exclusively.

F. The Neighborhood Playhouse, New York, 1915.

Another Little Theatre, founded by Alice and Irene Lewisohn, which has maintained a high standard and is at this date still functioning. This is a case of the Little Theatre idea overlapping that of the Community Theatre. The building (one of the best equipped in America) is on Grand Street, New York, in the heart of the Jewish quarter, in the neighborhood of the Nurses'

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Settlement on Henry Street. There is a group of Jewish people from the quarter, calling themselves the Neighborhood Players, who have done very good things (including occasionally plays in Yiddish). But the theatre is also available to players from outside, as for instance the Gertrude Kingston Players from London, who used to come yearly to the Neighborhood Playhouse. Recently a play by Eugene O'Neill, "The First Man", was given there. The playhouse serves both as an experimental workshop, so to speak (though not strictly a Workshop Theatre like Professor Baker's, for instance, at Harvard), and also as a centre for community life in the vicinity.

G. The Vagabond Players of Baltimore, 1916.

Still in existence. Uses not only plays of Baltimoreans, and European and American masterpieces, but also representative plays that other Little Theatres in America are giving. Carol Sax is stage designer.

H. The 47 Workshop of Professor George P. Baker, at Harvard, 1921.

This theatre is merely a sort of studio or workshop where the work of students in English 47 (Professor Baker's course in dramatic technique) may be tried out. Obviously its purpose is exclusively experimental. Still in existence, though needless to say this "theatre" gives very few performances (comparatively) during the year.

I. The Carnegie Institute Laboratory Theatre, 1914.

The Carnegie Institute of Technology has also a workshop or laboratory theatre, where student dramatists may try out their work. The director is Thomas Wood Stevens.

J. Situation in 1917.

In the year 1911-1912 (the year in which the Little Theatre movement reached the United States) there were only three Little Theatres in America, Mrs. Gale's Toy Theatre in Boston, Maurice Browne's Little Theatre in Chicago and, of course, Professor Baker's English 47 at Cambridge. In 1917 there were no less than fifty Little Theatres scattered through the length and breadth of the United States. These were of every conceivable sort, much more diversified than those of Europe, and included good, bad, and indifferent. Many had little real strength of purpose, many were merely the organizations of faddists or imitators. Some few (among which Pierre Loving names the Provincetown Players and the Neighborhood Playhouse, for two) maintained a consistently high standard (and proved strong enough to last). Others were original and vigorous for a while and then lost impetus. But at any rate all of them indicated a widespread curiosity and interest in artistic and dramatic affairs which was perhaps good for the drama and undoubtedly had a certain influence on the American theatre.

K. Situation Today.

Literally dozens of these small theatres have now fallen by the wayside. But this does not necessarily mean that the people who were interested in them have abandoned the theatrical world. Sam Hume, who was director of the Arts and Crafts Theatre at Detroit, is now director of the Greek Theatre at Berkeley, California. Stuart Walker has two stock companies. Robert Edmond Jones, who was designer for the first performance of the Washington Square Players, is now designing for such productions as Benavente's "The Jest", "Richard Third", the Chicago Opera Company's performance of John Alden Carpenter's ballet "The Birthday of the Infanta", Lionel Barrymore's performance of "Macbeth" last year, that "successful failure", "Swords" by Sidney Howard, etc. Eugene O'Neill writes both for the larger theatre and for the Little Theatre proper.

L. The Most Interesting Little Theatres of Today.

The Little Theatre Division of the Drama League, New York, suggested the following as perhaps the most interesting of the Little Theatres still in existence today (there are not a great many others):

1. The Provincetown Players (see II *E*).

2. The Pasadena Community Theatre. According to the Drama League, which receives constant reports from all over the country, one of the most, perhaps *the* most active and progressive of the experimental theatres in America at the present moment. The successful use of "expressionist" methods in their recent production of "King Lear" is a case in point, to illustrate their genuinely productive experimenting.

3. The 47 Workshop (see II *H*).

4. The Carnegie Institute Laboratory Theatre (see II *I*).

5. The Little Theatre at Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

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Mr. Koch's Little Theatre at Chapel Hill, the University of North Carolina, is making a successful use of North Carolina mountaineer folk lore, and of the life of the people in that vicinity, to create something which seems much like a genuine American folk drama.

6. The Greek Theatre at Berkeley, California.

Directed by Sam Hume, it devotes itself in large measure (though not, I believe, exclusively) to experimenting in the artistic production of Greek classic drama.

7. Le Petit Théâtre du Vieux Carré, New Orleans.

Interesting because it gives French and English plays (each in the language in which it is written), alternating both kinds on the same bill. Obviously French plays suffer somewhat in artistic effect if translated into English, and vice versa. Yet the audience loses something that is valuable (not to mention the plays themselves that it misses) if it sees only the drama of one country. Perhaps the experiment of producing both French and English plays in the originals is possible only in such a place as New Orleans where so many people are bilingual. I ought to mention that it is the same band of players, a single Little Theatre repertory group, which plays both the French and the English plays.

8. Possibly one could add to that number, the Little Country Theatre at Fargo, North Dakota.

Started in a very out of the way place for the benefit of the farmers, it seemed for a while a promising field for the development of folk drama based on the life of that section. Apparently it has not been so active of late but it is still in existence.

III. SERVICES OF THE LITTLE THEATRE

A. Methods of Producing and Use of Scenery.

The new methods of lighting, the simplification of scenery, the increasing use of suggestive rather than literally representative stage settings, the increasingly artistic quality in producing generally, these things the Little Theatre has created and left as heritage for the theatre as a whole. Belasco is the classic example to the contrary. He came and saw and was not convinced. But Arthur Hopkins, in his production of "The Jest" and "Redemption"; the Clare Kummer comedies; and, as Pierre Loving says, "the *risorgimento* of the commercial generally", prove that not all producers have felt as Belasco did. Even in grand opera the influence of the new methods may be seen, as for example, the production of "The Birthday of the Infanta".

B. A Field for the One Act Play.

The one act play had little place in the big theatre. It was confined, for the most part, within the narrow boundaries of the curtain raiser or the vaudeville sketch. The production of the one act plays of such serious artists as Schnitzler, Strindberg, Hankin, Wilfrid Gibson, Brighouse, Eugene O'Neill, and others was due entirely to the Little Theatre.

C. A Hearing for New Writers, Native and Foreign.

Dunsany was a discovery of the Little Theatre, for example. With regard to the attention paid to American authors, the Washington Square Players put on thirty-two plays in the first year, of which twenty were American. Many of these native authors would have found the process of getting a hearing a long one, or they might never have got a hearing at all, if there had not been Little Theatres, broad-minded, experimental, able to work on a small scale and inexpensively, to give their work production.

D. A Field for Certain Plays of Special Types.

The intimacy between players and audience in Little Theatres makes possible certain types of plays which would never carry across the footlights in a large theatre: such mystical things as Maeterlinck's "The Intruder" and "The Blind"; such fantasies as Dowson's "The Pierrot of the Minute"; such bitter ironies as Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Aria da Capo", etc.

IV. BOOKS ON THE LITTLE THEATRE

(TREATING IT AS MAIN SUBJECT OR INDIRECTLY)

(Some of these are out of print, but possibly accessible in libraries.)

Bakshy, Alexander. The Path of the Modern Russian Stage. C. Palmer and Hayward. 1916.

Bickley, Francis L. J. M. Synge and the Irish Dramatic Movement. Houghton Mifflin Co. 1912.

Bourgeois, Maurice. John Millington Synge and the Irish Theatre. The Macmillan Co. 1913.

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Boyd, Ernest A. The Contemporary Drama of Ireland. Little, Brown and Co. 1917.
Browne, Maurice. The Temple of a Living Art. Privately printed.
Carter, Huntly. The New Spirit in Drama and Art. Mitchell Kennerley. 1913.
Cheney, Sheldon. The New Movement in the Theatre. Mitchell Kennerley. 1914.
Clark, Barrett H. The Continental Drama of To-day. Henry Holt and Co. 1914.
The British and American Drama of To-day. Henry Holt and Co. 1915.
Craig, (Edward) Gordon. On the Art of the Theatre. Chicago: Browne's Bookstore. 1911.
A Living Theatre. Florence: Tipografia Giuntina. 1913.
Towards a New Theatre. E. P. Dutton and Co. 1913.
The Theatre—Advancing. Little, Brown and Co. 1919.
Dickinson, Thomas H. The Contemporary Drama of England. Little, Brown and Co. 1917.
The Insurgent Theatre. B. W. Huebsch. 1917.
Gregory, Lady. Our Irish Theatre. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1913.
Hastings, Charles. The Theatre, Its Development in France and England, and a History of its Greek and Latin Origins. J. B. Lippincott Co. 1901.
Henderson, Archibald. The Changing Drama. Henry Holt and Co. 1914.
Howe, P. P. The Repertory Theatre. Mitchell Kennerley. 1911.
Jones, Henry Arthur. The Renascence of the English Drama. Samuel French.
The Foundations of a National Drama. George H. Doran Company. 1912.
The Theatre of Ideas. George H. Doran Company. 1915.
Lewisohn, Ludwig. The Modern Drama. B. W. Huebsch. 1915.
Macgowan, Kenneth. The Theatre of Tomorrow. Boni and Liveright. 1921.
Mackay, Constance D'Arcy. The Little Theatre in the United States. Henry Holt and Co. 1917.
MacKaye, Percy. Community Drama. Houghton Mifflin Co. 1917.
Mantzius, Karl. A History of Theatrical Art in Ancient and Modern Times. Five volumes. J. B. Lippincott Co. 1903-1909.
Moderwell, Hiram Kelly. The Theatre of To-day. John Lane Co. 1914.
Nicholson, Watson. The Struggle for a Free Stage in London. Houghton Mifflin Co. 1906.
Palmer, John. The Future of the Theatre. The Macmillan Co. 1913.
Phelps, William Lyon. The Twentieth Century Theatre. The Macmillan Co. 1918.
Rouché, Jacques. L'Art Théâtral Moderne. Paris: E. Cornély et Cie. 1910.
Shay, Frank. The Plays and Books of the Little Theatre. With a Preface by Pierre Loving. The Theatre Crafts Exchange. 1919.

Another Source of Information

Little Theatre Division, Drama League, 29 West 47 Street, New York.

WHEN HOMER NODDED

By Joseph Auslander

I THINK Odysseus was a fool,
Though Homer hails him wise
And full of craft:
I think a man who looked in Circe's eyes,
And never even laughed
Once—recklessly; saw the sun-quivering cup, all ambered cool,
Held out to him by hands of white sunrise,
And never even quaffed
Once—recklessly—I think him daft!

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of the new fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Monthly Book Bulletin", and "*THE BOOKMAN'S *Monthly Score". Such books as the editor especially recommends are marked with a star.*

THE ISLE OF SEVEN MOONS—Robert Gordon Anderson—*Putnam.* Pirate gold. Blood. Mystery. The always-with-us final embrace.

HOAX—Anonymous—*Doran.* Quietly ironical concerning the love affairs of a supremely casual young man. A southern book with genuine fleas and darkies, heat and sand.

SLEEPING FIRES—Gertrude Atherton—*Stokes.* An old-fashioned melodrama of San Francisco and New York.

THE MAN ON THE OTHER SIDE—Ada Barnett—*Dodd, Mead.* Gentle, delicate, wistfully beautiful. A book whose fragrance is unforgetable.

*THE FIRST PERSON SINGULAR—William Rose Benét—*Doran.* Pleasant mystery romance and one of those small town psychological novels besides. By the associate editor of the "Literary Review" of the New York "Post".

*MR. PROHACK—Arnold Bennett—*Doran.* Mr. Bennett, in an idle mood, gets a great deal of amusing 1922 worldly wisdom into a novel of the new rich.

A DAUGHTER OF THE BADLANDS—Kate Boyles Bingham and Virgil D. Boyles—*Stratford.* Cupid turns his darts on a modern Pocahontas and a six-shooter on almost everybody else.

HEPPLESTALL'S—Harold Brighouse—*McBride.* A novel of industrial development and family tradition. Unusual both for strength and vision.

THE PERSONAL TOUCH—Emma Beatrice Brunner—*Brentano.* Cheap and showy melodrama. Inspired by the crime wave.

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF COOMBE—Frances Hodgson Burnett—*Stokes.* A quiet story of exceedingly well bred Londoners as seen by an Americanized Englishwoman.

"Q"—Katharine Newlin Burt—*Houghton Mifflin.* As pleasant a way of wasting time as any other.

*THE BRIMMING CUP—Dorothy Canfield—*Harcourt, Brace.* A discontented woman's temptation related in a small town background by this expert story teller.

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*SUNDRY ACCOUNTS—Irvin S. Cobb—*Doran.* Good old-fashioned short stories. Some first-class darky stuff.

THE FLAMING FOREST—James Oliver Curwood—*Cosmopolitan.* Colorful action in a carefully hand painted Canadian scenic design.

GUINEA GIRL—Norman Davey—*Doran.* Amusing story of a demi-mondaine and the society on the Riviera in the best ironical vein of the Younger Generation.

THE VANISHING POINT—Coningsby Dawson—*Cosmopolitan.* George Barr McCutcheon crossed with E. Phillips Oppenheim. For them as likes it.

REVELATION—Dulcie Deamer—*Boni, Liveright.* Sensuous story of the Biblical woman who escaped stoning, honest in chapters but cheap as a whole.

*LILIA CHENOWORTH—Lee Wilson Dodd—*Dutton.* A brilliant story of a brilliant character, set all the way from an American girl's college to the Paris stage. *(See page 416.)*

*THREE SOLDIERS—John Dos Passos—*Doran.* Three malcontents in a vivid war setting.

RIMROCK TRAIL—J. Allan Dunn—*Bobbs-Merrill.* Only at the end does spine-tickling action halt longer than a breath for the heart thumping of love.

*THE ILLUSION (DANSONS LA TROMPEUSE)—Raymond Escholier—*Putnam.* Dust gathers on the cracking portrait of a woman in an old-fashioned frame, but she of the picture clings pathetically to youth.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND DAMNED—F. Scott Fitzgerald—*Scribner.* Mr. Fitzgerald finds marriage disillusioning and cocktails tepid.

THE LONGEST JOURNEY—E. M. Forster—*Knopf.* The evolution of an idealist's philosophy, registering both high and low literarily.

THE EVERLASTING WHISPER—Jackson Gregory—*Scribner.* The breaking of a spoiled child of luxury in western paths!

TO THE LAST MAN—Zane Grey—*Harper.* A feud, with red blood, morals, and sentiment.

IMMORTAL ATHALIA—Harry F. Haley—*Dorrance.* Haggardesque fantasy in which dreams from opium and rarebit take their turns.

THE CANYON OF THE FOOLS—Richard Matthews Hallet—*Harper.* Gold and a girl and a sense of humor—an attractive combination.

THE RUSTLE OF SILK—Cosmo Hamilton—*Little, Brown.* John Bull, in the agony of postbellum fever, is given an impossible loving and lovable nurse.

SAINT TERESA—Henry Sydnor Harrison—*Houghton Mifflin.* Lengthy proof that there ain't no such critter as The Woman Who Hates Love.

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*MARIA CHAPDELAINE—Louis Hémon—*Macmillan.* An exquisitely told idyl of French-Canadian life.

CYTHEREA—Joseph Hergesheimer—*Knopf.* What most women think their husbands are. Underdone Freud and super-Robert W. Chambers. Will add to the pocketbook but not the reputation of the author of "The Three Black Pennys".

NUMBER 87—Harrington Hext—*Macmillan.* A pseudo-scientific mystery story that would raise gooseflesh on a billiard ball.

ELINOR COLHOUSE—Stephen Hudson—*Knopf.* Modern Delilah and a social register Samson. Economical in words and, unfortunately, in persuasiveness as well.

THE SHEIK—E. M. Hull—*Small, Maynard.* Cave man appeal for bridge playing ladies.

*IF WINTER COMES—A. S. M. Hutchinson—*Little, Brown.* Mr. Hutchinson's brilliant achievement, somewhat in the manner of Charles Dickens.

THE WHITE KAMI—Edward Alden Jewell—*Knopf.* The glamor of free love fades for one and widowhood brings eligibility to the other, just in time for—well, look at the end of almost any book.

THE VENEERINGS—Sir Harry Johnston—*Macmillan.* Dickens unto the second and third generation. A pleasant, leisurely novel that shows few traces of its ancestry.

THE BLUE CIRCLE—Elizabeth Jordan—*Century.* The least indigestion, and in bed at night the characters come back to reenact their plot.

SIMON CALLED PETER—Robert Keable—*Dutton.* Good writing here acts as a shock absorber.

THE PRIDE OF PALOMAR—Peter B. Kyne—*Cosmopolitan.* A story of diligence and virtue rewarded. Regulation success pattern.

*MAIN STREET—Sinclair Lewis—*Harcourt, Brace.* The American small town seen through the eyes of Mr. Lewis, who is traveling in Europe on the fruits of his widely read critique.

THE TWO FLAMES—Mabel Maas—*Jonathan Cape.* Jumbled Holland politics of the Renaissance ineffectually presented.

BIG PETER—Archibald Marshall—*Dodd, Mead.* A "Little Lord Fauntleroy" for grown ups. Extremely pleasant.

CHILDREN OF THE MARKET PLACE—Edgar Lee Masters—*Macmillan.* The autobiography of an imaginary gentleman, the biography of Stephen Douglas, and a summary of American politics before the Civil War, all in one.

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GENERAL BRAMBLE—André Maurois—*Dodd, Mead.* Amusing anecdotes of the peaceful side of the war. A sequel to "The Silence of Colonel Bramble".

SLAG—Donald McGibeny—*Bobbs-Merrill.* Between the Scylla of capitalism and the Charybdis of Communism, the steel industry is steered to Utopia.

GOLDIE GREEN—Samuel Merwin—*Bobbs-Merrill.* Several good words for the business variety of flapper.

"TEX"—Clarence E. Mulford—*McClurg.* The west at its wildest. A pleasant arrangement of battle, murder, and sudden death.

DOUBLE CROSSED—W. Douglas Newton—*Appleton.* Just what one expects from the title.

BRASS—Charles G. Norris—*Dutton.* Kathleen Norris's husband writes of marriage as one man sees it. He is not, he assures the public, his own hero.

LUCRETIA LOMBARD—Kathleen Norris—*Doubleday, Page.* Not bad at all but like a million others.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1921—Edward J. O'Brien—*Small, Maynard.* A selection which displays this notably gloomy taste at its best.

VOCATIONS—Gerald O'Donovan—*Boni, Liveright.* An earnest tale of convent life and human nature fighting churchly vows.

THEN CAME MOLLY—Harriet V. C. Ogden—*Penn.* A good old dowager helping an attractive niece put handcuffs on love.

MADAME VALCOUR'S LODGER—Florence Olmstead—*Scribner.* A novel that is light enough for summer reading and good enough to go over again in the fall.

THE GREAT PRINCE SHAN—E. Phillips Oppenheim—*Little, Brown.* Best seller diplomacy with the bogey wearing a mandarin coat.

HER FATHER'S DAUGHTER—Gene Stratton-Porter—*Doubleday, Page.* For those who love California and nature, but not the Japanese.

AN ORDEAL OF HONOR—Anthony Pryde—*McBride.* A fairly well written study of the English middle class.

IN LEADING STRINGS—J. K. Pulling—*Moffat, Yard.* Well drawn and interesting story of the much abused artistic temperament.

*VANDEMARK'S FOLLY—Herbert Quick—*Bobbs-Merrill.* The well told autobiography of Jake Vandemark through the colonization period in the middle west.

THE MOON ROCK—Arthur J. Rees—*Dodd, Mead.* An unusually clever detective story. Guess-proof and plausible.

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A MAN OF PURPOSE—Donald Richberg—*Crowell.* Like most men of purpose, very worthy but a little dull.

THE WINTER BELL—Henry Milner Rideout—*Duffield.* A crisp, clear little story of friendship and the northern woods.

THE ASHES OF ACHIEVEMENT—Frank A. Russell—*Brentano.* Really not so bad as one would judge from the cover.

*SCARAMOUCHE—Rafael Sabatini—*Houghton Mifflin.* A French Revolution costume novel of much dash and brilliance.

*ADRIENNE TONER—Anne Douglas Sedgwick—*Houghton Mifflin.* A novel of primary importance. Unusual perfection of style and mastery of characterization.

SQUARE DEAL SANDERSON—Charles Alden Seltzer—*McClurg.* Good, straight wild west stuff that should be of special interest to Boy Scouts.

*THE COMBINED MAZE—May Sinclair—*Macmillan.* A new edition of one of Miss Sinclair's earliest and most successful novels.

THE PRAIRIE CHILD—Arthur Stringer—*Bobbs-Merrill.* A good picture of life in western Canada, and of one home and one woman in particular.

LINDA LEE INCORPORATED—Louis Joseph Vance—*Dutton.* Snappy society scandal and movie gossip. Pie for Dr. Straton.

*PETER WHIFFLE, HIS LIFE AND WORKS—Carl Van Vechten—*Knopf.* Enthralling truth beneath the cosmetics of fiction. Gloriously real and written well.

MARGEY WINS THE GAME—John V. A. Weaver—*Knopf.* Have you talked with a flapper? If not, here's a tabloid novel guide to their psychology.

*MERTON OF THE MOVIES—Harry Leon Wilson—*Doubleday, Page.* Setting up exercises for one's sense of humor in a close up of the film industry. Double starred for excellence. *(See page 415.)*

THREE MEN AND A MAID—P. G. Wodehouse—*Doran.* Deliciously frivolous. To be served with iced lemonade in warm weather.

HELEN OF THE OLD HOUSE—Harold Bell Wright—*Appleton.* Another sincere attempt to be read by those who wish to be uplifted.

HOMESTEAD RANCH—Elizabeth G. Young—*Appleton.* Youth is still willing to suffer in the west for a bit of land—or is it for love?

HURRICANE WILLIAMS—Gordon Young—*Bobbs-Merrill.* A bloodthirsty pirate story, specializing in murders and suicides.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

Insanity, Poetry, or Both

SO, the real poet must be mad, according to Frederick Clarke Prescott in "The Poetic Mind" (Macmillan). This is a volume that I do not recommend to poets. It would tend to make them conscious. It might even tend to make them seek madness; for the greatest inspiration comes to those poets tinged with the greatest madness, like Shelley—Tennyson's streak of insanity is only slight and Longfellow had practically none at all.

An absorbing study, this analysis of genius! Prescott's work opens many new lines of thought. It is annoying to think that hunger may produce a great work of art. It is even more discouraging to pin an artistic masterpiece to sex disturbance. Nevertheless, so clinical a survey of the unusual mind cannot but prove stimulating to anyone who has considered the problem at all. In this connection I wish that someone would analyze the "popular" and "unpopular" poem or book by a study of the psychological background of the author. I somehow feel that here is material for real research. I suspect that any top notch popular figure in literature will be found to possess something of this prophetic quality, insane if you like. Depending entirely, then, upon his medium of expression, there follows immediate popularity, then oblivion or ultimate appreciation and immortality. It is the *same thing*, however. Only the environment is responsible for the immediate effect on the public. The underlying sympathy and human understanding is the same—and, without this, all is but as brass and tinkling cymbals.

In this connection, the closing paragraph of Mr. Prescott's book is worth reading:

> The universality of Shakespeare, the Shelleyan Prometheus, representing, as we have seen, not the individual man but mankind, the person of Christ in his representative character, and other examples of the same kind, urge us to rise above an individual to a generalized conception of the poetic process—to the conception of man universal as poet and creator. . . . . Poets, from Plato to Wordsworth and Emerson, have recognized that "there is one mind common to all individual men,"—a common human mind, finite perhaps, but affording our natural approach to a conception of the divine and infinite. . . . . They regard the universal mind as creative, for in its dream are born the "phantoms" which are "the shadows of all that man becomes". . . . . The creative process is complete when the mind casts upon the phantoms "the gathered rays which are reality". When all the aspirations of the universal human soul are realized, the divine volition, as far as we are humanly concerned with it, will have been accomplished. Thus "poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man".

An Optical Illusion

IN "Merton of the Movies" (Doubleday, Page) Harry Leon Wilson has done the seemingly impossible. He has written a novel satirizing a certain type of novel and yet retained practically all the popular appeal of the type of novel which he has satirized. Merton's rise to fame is typical of Horatio Alger, Harold Bell Wright, the tone of "The American Magazine", and a dozen other such

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hokum appeals. The movie mad country boy is ridiculous, burlesque (almost), and highly painted; yet he is so skilfully drawn that he never loses his human and appealing quality. Merton is successful as a comedian in the moving pictures because he does not know that he is a comedian. He is successful because he perseveres. His perseverance is almost overdrawn; but not quite. Here I have been discussing this novel as though it were something more than an hilarious sidesplitting piece of satire, fittingly dedicated to George Ade. Well, I think that it is. I think it is human and wise and tolerant. Its moving picture atmosphere is well done and not so detailed as to become, except very occasionally, wearisome. Wilson has done a fine picture of the inner mind of a large class of America. On many grounds it is a good book. If it were not so obviously dated it might be a great book.

Artistic Temperament

"LILIA CHENOWORTH" (Dutton) is a powerful swift-moving story filled with delicate characterization. Lilia herself and Dunster Thorpe are every wit as good as Mark Sabre. This is a carefully written novel that is emotionally moving and technically satisfying. The exotic child of an artistic father and a neurotic mother finds herself in the atmosphere of a New England college for girls. She encounters a too well bred and inhibited young professor. Their story, the story of his salvation and her death, is pathetic and strangely filled with fire despite the somewhat cold manner in which the facts are told. This over care in writing is particularly noticeable in the beginning. For example, on the very first page this sentence quarrels with a sense of euphony and flow:

> Young—too-young, held Miss Goldsborough, titular head of the English Department—Assistant Professor Thorpe frowned briefly at his mark-book, then opened the small red-and-gold copy of *Julius Ceasar* before him.

However, it is absurd to quarrel with Lee Wilson Dodd; for he has written what seems to me the best novel of the spring. It is not exactly a pleasant story, but its general effect is happy and its deep sense of human understanding makes it possible to expect even finer things in the future.

Primitive Laughter

THERE is the laughter that comes from surface chitter chatter. Then there is the genial laughter that comes from reading the sentimental romance. But the primitive laughter, the guttural note springing from Rabelaisian and Chaucerian depths—that is rare. "The Legend of Ulenspiegel" (Doubleday, Page) furnished me much of this. It is an attractive two volume edition of Charles de Coster's Flemish version of the famous Till, translated by F. M. Atkinson. Here are slim and sly Ulenspiegel and fat and lazy Lamme Goedzak. Could there be nearer perfect companions for a romp through mediæval history and magic? I don't know that I have ever read a more thoroughly entertaining and adventuresome book. Let me warn away those who consider Chaucer vulgar and whose taste is too delicate for the eighteenth century novelists. Till was a lad of parts. He did not confine his activities to drawing rooms. His ad-

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ventures take him to courts and cathedrals, to huts and to witch burnings. His heart is located in his stomach. Food and its pursuit are important to him. Naive, yet oh how sophisticated, he is the child of the ages. Mankind is the prey upon which his trickery feeds. He is the Katzenjammer of old legend. He is the supreme example of the naughty boy. He is youth incarnate, and mischief rampant. This is a story, not for the young, but for the young in heart. I'm safe in recommending it, because you won't get beyond the first few pages unless you're the sort of person who really will enjoy it.

Mrs. Sheridan Again

A year ago I recall recommending "Mayfair to Moscow". One has no way of knowing Russia, and in Mrs. Sheridan's diary one found the record of an amazing personality with what seemed to be a vivid reportorial account of the bolshevik régime. One has, however, ways of knowing America. "My American Diary" (Boni, Liveright) is still a record of the amazing personality, somewhat sharpened and with far less taste; this is no reportorial but an unusually jaundiced account of an America which is not really America at all. Mrs. Sheridan apparently loves the common people, yet she never seeks them. Perhaps she would find something to admire in the natives of Vermont or New Hampshire or the simplicities of the middle class mind in the middle west. It is useless to criticize the foibles of the Vanderbilts and to make unpleasant remarks about people in prominent places if our enthusiasms do not justify our criticisms. As a critique the book fails miserably—Mrs. Sheridan has misunderstod the psychology of America. As a story of an unusual woman it is entertaining. Charlie Chaplin, she finds vastly interesting. After all, he is English. She says of him:

> The more I see of Charlie, and the more I know him, the more I appreciate him. He never does, says, or thinks an ugly thing. I have never met anyone like him. I find myself dominated by his intensity, and metaphorically sitting at his feet, accepting his judgment. He is so immensely bigger than the work he is engaged on. I believe that if he survives, he may in a few years take a very big place in international public life. We have discussed half jokingly the project of his standing for Parliament. I assured him no one would dare contest him and that he would have a "walk-over". I have heard him make impassioned speeches to imaginary crowds. He has harangued the sand dunes. Not only did he talk well but he talked sense, and his magnetism and vision recalled to my memory that leader of men: Trotzky. The only pity is that he is too emotional, he is almost consumed by the flame within him. This is, I suppose, inevitable in so great an artist. His intensity is terrific. Whatever he does he does it intensely. He is intensely funny, but he is intensely tragic too, he shoots with such intensity that when he lost a duck it nearly broke his heart. . . . .
>
> In moments of intense depression he exclaims: "I must get back to work—but I don't feel like it. I don't feel funny. Think—think of it: if I never could be funny again!"

As another frank record by a frank woman it is worth reading, if you care for that sort of thing.

—*J. F.*

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

WHAT IS PUBLIC OPINION?

By William Starr Myers

TO the student of history or political science there is nothing more fascinating as a subject of study than public opinion. Sometimes vague or elusive, at other times clear cut and direct in its working, it is always of great political influence and all-powerful in the final analysis. Upon its habitual presence or absence of course depends in large part the existence of that government by public opinion known as democracy.

Mr. Lippmann makes the latest contribution toward a study of the subject, and offers a definite theory of public opinion, a reason for the limitations of its action, and a specific remedy for its shortcomings as a determining force in popular government. Briefly stated, his thesis is as follows: Those features of the world outside which have to do with the behavior of other human beings, in so far as that behavior crosses ours, is dependent upon us, or is interesting to us, we call roughly public affairs. The pictures inside the heads of all human beings, the pictures of themselves, of others, of their needs, purposes, and relationship, are their public opinions. Those pictures which are acted upon by groups of people, or by individuals acting in the name of groups, are Public Opinion with capital letters.

It should also be noted that, according to this theory, there is one common factor. It is the insertion between man and his environment of a pseudo-environment. To that pseudo-environment his behavior is a response. Mr. Lippmann then focuses his attention upon one phase of the subject: the world wide spectacle of men acting upon their environment, moved by stimuli from their pseudo-environments. The pseudo-environment is a hybrid compounded of "human nature" and "conditions".

What each man does is based not on direct and certain knowledge, but on pictures made by himself or given to him. The way in which the world is imagined determines at any particular moment what a man will do, though it does not determine what he will achieve. Democracy in its original form never seriously faced the problem which arises because the pictures inside people's heads do not automatically correspond with the world outside. But representative government cannot be worked successfully unless there is an independent, expert organization for making the unseen facts intelligible to those who have to make the decisions. Therefore, personal representation must be supplemented by representation of the unseen facts. This alone would permit a satisfactory decentralization and allow us to escape from the intolerable and unworkable fiction that each of us must acquire a competent opinion about all public affairs. To discover the agency that may supply these facts is the present problem of political science.

Some eight or ten years ago, in his work upon the subject entitled "Public Opinion and Popular Government" President Lowell of Harvard pointed

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out that public opinion must be both *public*, that is, widely held, and also *opinion*, or based upon some innate acceptance amounting to a *conviction* upon a subject. Mr. Lippmann would seem to devote his attention to the "public" side of this analysis, and either belittle or else totally disregard the matter of "conviction". Herein lies the essential weakness and inadequacy of the book. It falls far short of and can never rival President Lowell's work, which will continue to rank as the undisputed and recognized authority upon the subject.

As usual, Mr. Lippmann writes with the confidence of the Almighty but, unfortunately, he is lacking in the necessary omniscience. He is essentially a propagandist, and his work is influenced by this characteristic attitude of approach toward any subject.

Public Opinion. By Walter Lippmann. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

FOR PEW AND PULPIT

By William Norman Guthrie

"PAINTED WINDOWS" is a masterpiece of journalistic impressionism. The author is a reporter rather than an artist, but one of superior honesty and sincerity. His sympathies, however, are limited by his prepossessions. He can sketch with remorseless vigor, sometimes with humor, and so dexterously that one watches him with keen delight. The chief value, however, lies in the intrinsic merit of the product. He caricatures the features, the postures, the gestures of his man, in a spirit of boyish fun. He catches him alive in what he deems the revelatory moment. His conception, however, of what that would be, is unconsciously affected by its fitness for pointing a moral—its sensational, spectacular value — its power for exhibiting critical virtuosity. The song it would seem has been composed for the sake of the trill, and the trill was inspired by a love of the thrill, and is executed neither by lark nor angel!

If this be fair criticism of our author, it would merely indicate that he is not a Rembrandt, nor even a Hogarth. His portraits seem to be uncomposed notes for literature: a series of snapshots superintended over by the modern muse of the movies.

Our second criticism of the book is to us a defect which will constitute a virtue in the eyes of many. The author is not trailing and snapshooting his big game for its own sake, nor for the sake of the sport or for his scientific records. He uses his heroic victims as cover from behind which he shoots at the pet convictions of the reader. Once or twice, as in the sketch of Dean Inge, or that of Maude Royden, he almost forgets his purpose not really to show us the leaders of British religion, but to give his passion for anonymous preaching a safe chance. It is a case of "Woe is me if I preach not", a gospel which he has received in the course of his appraisal of contemporary prophets. He zealously and, we think, somewhat unfairly recommends his panacea after "damning with faint praise" the regular practitioners!

After making these two objections to "Painted Windows", one must express gratitude (yes, in spite of one's sense of dignity and decency, one's conscience, good taste, and reprehension of gossip) for the titillating impertinence, the scandalous familiarity,

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and the ineffective remorseful efforts to take back the indiscretions that slip so inadvertently from the pen of the author. Frankly confessing his temperamental dislike to Dr. Orchard and Bishop Henson, he takes the sting out of his belittlement of them, so much so that perhaps his victims chuckle. Who knows but belittling a man tempts the reader to magnify more than he would else do—provided the satire be sufficiently entertaining.

Being after all then a suggestive preachment in the disguise of a review of our religious times, the book is full of the author's fervor and reverence. For all his smartness, his mischief, his malice, his ferocious candor, there appears at times a certain wistfulness, and a pathetic muddleheadedness, as though the author were half conscious that his intentions were altogether too high for his critical acumen and spiritual imagination to maintain, and his "knowledge of the world" too obtrusive to be successfully snubbed by his second-hand seership.

The book should be widely read in America, if only to make all of us aware what superior persons are leaders in contemporary British religion, at the same time making it perfectly clear how inadequate they are as leaders in our unprecedented world crisis. Criticism of such leaders seems, after all, a wasting of time. What seems to be in order, is an effective mass prayer, not for men to lead us—for we evidently want more—but for supermen! If Inge is adjudged greater than Erasmus—is it, then, because we lack a Luther, a Calvin, or a Zwingli that we are in jeopardy? Wouldn't a Cranmer seem quite funny? And yet, how big such men loom up compared with those in the seats of the mighty today who propose to decide the religious future of Anglo-Saxondom in our "land of the free and the brave"!

The book should be extraordinarily entertaining to the pew, chiefly because so mortifying to the pulpit. And yet, one fancies, cleric and layman can shake hands mournfully after reading, and shrug their shoulders — since blaming each other would help neither. Like priest, like people; and alas, alas, like people like priest!

Painted Windows. By a Gentleman with a Duster. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

SONGS OF IRELAND

By Norreys Jephson O'Conor

EVERY lover of Irish poetry will welcome the reissuing of Moira O'Neill's "Songs of the Glens of Antrim" supplemented by "More Songs" of the author's native countryside. No one has more accurately revealed the heart of the country folk of Ireland, at home or in exile, than this Irishwoman, who now lives in Canada. Whether she writes of her childhood glens, or of northwestern Canada, or translates from the Italian poets, she is mistress of her medium, she possesses a technique for which rigors of form have no perils. Moreover, her outlook upon the world is thoroughly Irish. This collection of her poems is one of the significant books of contemporary Anglo-Irish literature.

Like Moira O'Neill, Padraic Colum has long been interested in the humbler people of Ireland. Of the farmer folk he wrote in his volume of verse, "Wild Earth", and some ten years ago he published a collection of broadsheet ballads, popular songs of the city and the countryside. It is,

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therefore, not surprising to find that in the "Anthology of Irish Verse" which he has just edited, he has striven "to make a selection representative of the people rather than of individual poets" and to emphasize "the note of racial distinctiveness". Poetry of this kind, such as was written extensively by Thomas Davis and his contemporaries, is of sentimental rather than poetic value; readers of the anthology will hardly escape the conclusion that little Irish verse written in English before the final decade of the nineteenth century has literary distinction.

However, the anthology is not confined to the popular song. It contains much original work by the editor's contemporaries, and Mr. Colum includes a number of translations from early Gaelic poetry; but he does so without intimating that the temper of these is quite different from that of later poetry, especially such as was written under the inspiration of the "dark days", and that the early Irish poems do not belong side by side with verses which recount the woes of Ireland. Mr. Colum is to be thanked for reprinting in his section, "The Celtic World and the Realm of Faery", T. W. Rolleston's delightful rendering of "In Praise of May". In this group, however, there is but one poem representative, and that vaguely, of the ancient conception of fairies as stately, shining men and women of heroic stature. The poems included describe only the "little people" of later legend.

The anthology is marred by a number of such misprints as "Raferty" for "Raftery", the middle name of Mr. A. P. Graves "Percival" for "Perceval", the Irish sea god "Mananaum" for "Manannan".

While Mr. Colum's work gives an adequate idea of popular poetry of a more or less political type, it does not fully represent the national consciousness of Ireland, because there is little attempt to show the early Irish attitude, and there is not a single poem inspired by the recent great war. The collection in no sense supplants, and only partially supplements, the earlier anthologies of Mr. Graves, the late Stopford Brooke and T. W. Rolleston, and "The Dublin Book of Irish Verse".

Songs of the Glens of Antrim and More Songs of the Glens of Antrim. By Moira O'Neill. The Macmillan Co.

Anthology of Irish Verse. Edited with an Introduction by Padraic Colum. Boni and Liveright.

MRS. STANTON'S REMINISCENCES

By Gertrude Foster Brown

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON was born in 1815, one hundred and seventeen years ago. The United States was still distinctly an Atlantic seaboard nation, it was before the Mexican war, before the western, northwestern, or southwestern boundaries of the United States were fixed, before girls were admitted to colleges, before the first railroad or the first steamboat was running. She died in 1903, only nineteen years ago, after almost a century of constantly accelerating American life. Her reminiscences, her diary, and her letters give an amazingly vivid picture of one of the most active lives of that busy century.

A woman of fine mental ability and great physical endurance, Mrs. Stanton was in the forefront of all the lib-

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eral movements of the time. She was a prominent abolitionist. She called the first Woman's Rights Convention. A list of her friends and her enemies reads like a directory of the moving spirits in politics, art, letters, and general progress of the nineteenth century. Her own picture, physical and mental, is quite as vivid. Of her childhood she says:

> Our parents were as kind and considerate as Puritan ideas of those days permitted, but fear, rather than love, of God and parents alike, predominated. Add to this our timidity in our intercourse with servants and teachers, our dread of the ever-present devil, and the reader will see that, under such conditions, nothing but strong self-will and a good share of hope and mirthfulness could have saved an ordinary child from becoming a mere nullity.

She herself had plenty of all three, added to an abounding, a bouncing vitality and an excellent mental ability.

These traits made her quick to feel the low esteem in which girls *per se* were held. When her brother died she tried to take his place in her father's estimation. She learned boys' games, studied boys' books, won a prize in Greek from a class of boys, but succeeded only in earning her father's sad, "Ah, you should have been a boy!" The injustice of this unequal rating remained with her all through her life, and is voiced again in a most pathetic letter, written after she began lecturing and writing on abolition and suffrage. Her father constantly opposed her, and at one time disinherited her. Concerning an interview with him she writes:

> I cannot tell you how deep the iron entered my soul. I never felt more keenly the degradation of my sex. To think that all in me of which my father would have felt a proper pride had I been a man, is deeply mortifying to him because I am a woman.

Mrs. Stanton's modernity of thought is almost startling. She was young in an age devoted to mortuary poetry, weeping, dreary forebodings, and hell-fire-and-damnation revivals. Yet she threw off the whole damp atmosphere with an impatient vitality, and devoted her whole thought to lightening life. When women submerged their identity in their husbands she insisted on being called by her own name because she could not admit that "white men are lords of all". When skirts swept the ground in voluminous and filthy folds she wore "shorts", and proclaimed that women could have no peace nor comfort till they "cut off the great national petticoat".

Her pleas for property rights for women, for decent laws of marriage and divorce, for the treatment of children as individuals, for the equality of women in all circumstances, sounds like 1922. And through all her public thought and work ran an untiring and never failing devotion to her family. In 1856 Susan B. Anthony, begging her to write an address for a teachers' convention, pleaded: "So for the love of me and for the saving of the reputation of womanhood, I beg you, with one baby on your knee and another at your feet, and four boys whistling, buzzing, halloing 'Ma, Ma', set yourself about the work. It is of small moment who writes the address, but of vast moment that it be well done."

This book is full of lovable, humorous, appreciative comment. Its style is as direct, clear, and vital as the mind of the great woman who wrote it.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, as Revealed in Her Letters, Diary, and Reminiscences. Edited by Theodore Stanton and Harriot Stanton Blatch. Two volumes. Harper and Bros.

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AGAIN THE RACE PROBLEM

By A. L. Jackson

"WHITE AND BLACK" is a story well told of life on a Texas cotton plantation. The story has two main points, the lust of sex and the dire results attending the gratification of that lust by the dominant people, who in this state are white of course. Next to this in importance is the argument the author attempts to make against lynch law and the Ku Klux Klan. Since the author is a southerner, this attempt has special significance. He makes the father of an adolescent boy carry the banner for him and he does the job pretty well. His boy succumbs to the lure of a woman who because of her low position in life has no adequate defense from his solicitation. Indeed, the boy at first is presented as the victim of a designing young colored girl who already has a reputation for her familiarity with men. The author neglects to take us far enough back to find the reason for the girl's present mode of conduct. Later the boy seduces the daughter of the best colored family in the district and, after suffering untold agony of conscience chiefly because of his fear of what would happen if his mother and sweetheart knew, finds out that his father and all his friends at some time or other in their lives have done the same thing. Robertson, his father, is held up as the kindly, understanding southern gentleman who recognizes the wrong of these things, but who feels helpless to remedy it. He finally gives his life in a vain attempt to defend a young colored preacher from the Klan. This preacher is about to marry the girl who, unknown to him, has been the victim of Robertson's son. With the father's death the story ends. Some people have said that this book is better than "Birthright". We do not agree. We do think, however, that it tells in very interesting fashion facts known to every man or woman who has lived in the south. We think it is an honest attempt to make southern white people think this thing out loud and stop trying to deceive themselves. Moreover, we believe the author recognizes the threat which the Ku Klux Klan makes at the respectability and stability of the south and its present standards. He knows that those standards must change, but he fears, and rightly so, that the Klan will turn things upside down for the whites as well as the blacks. It is a task that will bring little applause to Mr. Shands, some thrills to readers who like their stuff served "hot" and, we hope, restless consciences to a too common type in control of sentiment in small southern communities.

White and Black. By H. A. Shands. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

THE GHOST OF GRISWOLD

By George Douglas

THE ghost of Griswold is at the banquet of every new book on Edgar Allan Poe. But for "the unfaithful servant who betrayed his trust," Poeana had been much less voluminous—and perhaps more intelligent. Certainly it had been less concerned with the unpleasant irrelevancies of personal habit.

A German has said that the English do not deserve Shakespeare because they do not understand him. Another German, Hanns Ewers, has said much the same about America and Poe.

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"He drank," hisses one.
"Oh, no, he really did not drink," pipes another.
I would like to knock their heads together. . . .
He drank—he did not drink. That is the way the Anglo-Saxons dispute about their poets.

Ewers himself has much of the wine cup in his own small volume—mostly to the effect that Poe could not have written that sort of work unless he had been that sort of man. However, it was not of such a writer as Dr. J. W. Robertson, that Ewers was thinking when he spoke with such Teutonic scorn of people too obsessed with morals to deserve great poets. The veteran San Francisco psychologist neither hisses nor pipes, is neither defamer nor apologist—he merely studies the "case" and presents his diagnosis. Unfortunately that is the word—"diagnosis". A manifestly fine analysis of a perplexing psychopathic problem is marred by lapses into the clinical manner.

But why bother to look a coroner's verdict too closely in the syntax? The verdict is the thing, and Dr. Robertson appears to have found one strictly in accordance with the facts. He comes nearer than any other to the qualifications outlined by Harrison: "Poe's case has never been scientifically diagnosed by a competent neurologist who possessed combined pathological and literary equipment and freedom from prejudice necessary to render his case intelligible to the reading world." Robertson is a competent neurologist; he has scientifically diagnosed the case and has made it intelligible to the reading world. His literary equipment leaves something to be desired, though at times he attains the force and grace and always the clearness of good literature. The denunciation of Griswold is as finely turned as one could wish, and it is more eloquent than most other denunciations because it follows a convincing analysis of the facts and a complete exposure of the malice that inspired the infamous obituary and the scurrilous memoir.

Poe, according to the Robertson diagnosis, was not an habitual user of drugs, nor an habitual drunkard, but a dipsomaniac with no delight in drinking, no craving for drink, and rather an aversion from it between attacks. The state of his brain was such that comparatively little alcohol had a great effect upon him, and as he advanced in years his resistance became less and less. His brain was diseased. Poe himself had a very clear idea of what was the matter when he wrote:

I became insane with long periods of horrible sanity. During these fits of absolute unconsciousness I drank, God only knows how much or how long. As a matter of course my enemies referred the insanity to the drink rather than the drink to the insanity.

Dr. Robertson has had more than thirty years' specialization in nervous cases, and a considerable experience with literary victims. He is emphatic in denying that Poe had any form of epilepsy, and he stands in direct opposition to Baudelaire, Ewers, and others when saying: "It is not possible that any of Poe's work, whether prose or poetry, was the product of either opium or alcohol." Ewers says that Hoffman, Baudelaire and Poe were the first artists to work understandingly with intoxicants.

He [Poe] got drunk. But he got drunk purposely in order to get the drunkard's understanding, from which he later on, perhaps years later, could create new art values.

Solemn nonsense—he drank because

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he could not help himself. There was no eighteenth amendment to stop him. No man ever got drunk in order to get art values, though many artists have turned their delirium to creative account. Shakespeare could never have given us either Falstaff's laughter or Clarence's dream on half of one per cent.

The peculiar nature of Poe's work was no more the result of drink than it was of education or experience. Experience was out of the question for his earlier flights of prose fancy, while his mathematical genius and his logical faculties were those of the prodigy and not a development due to education. Once out of the juvenile period Poe was not an improving but a deteriorating writer, though deterioration did not manifest itself until it could be well explained as the product of "a decaying intellect no longer under the domination of a strong and directing intelligence".

The first part of the Robertson study is devoted to the psycopathic problem; the second is mainly bibliographic, though with frequent references to the "case". In both there is a manifest desire to get at the truth and to dispense with theories and apologetics.

A book of fearless criticism, it faces the biggest reputations with the courage of a surgeon operating upon an anæsthetized patient. The knife that dissects Griswold is used only a little less freely on Dr. Moran who gave that foolishly amended testimony as to Poe's last hours. Biographer George Woodberry is operated on to prove that when writing of Poe he was entirely without the sympathetic gland. Lauvrière, the great French authority, is shown to have been an amateur psychologist with few of the qualifications necessary for the diagnosis he attempted. All things considered, the pages on Lauvrière are the severest. The distinguished French writer had a better literary equipment than has Dr. Robertson, but he went beyond his depth when he went beyond purely literary analysis.

It may seem strange that such a work as this should have been produced on the Pacific coast, but it is no stranger than the fact that some of the most notable books about Poe were written across the Atlantic. Dr. Robertson has a splendid collection of Poeana and he has had a lifetime of specialist training in mental cases. He has assembled a wealth of new material and has given a new meaning to many more or less familiar facts. The volume does not restore Poe's reputation to one for sobriety, but it brings his moral character a little nearer to normalcy, and substitutes intelligent sympathy for unintelligent criticism. In brief, it brings out the truth long since reached by common sense: that Poe could not possibly have produced so much work of such excellent quality if he had been the chronic inebriate described by Griswold and others who have taken his lead. Habitual drunkenness produces nothing worth while, but great work has been done in the intervals of sanity granted to some dipsomaniacs.

"The English are now permitted to appreciate Edgar Allan Poe, since it is officially attested that he was a moral being." In a new edition Ewers may amend that sneer to read: "Americans are now permitted to appreciate Edgar Allan Poe since the Eighteenth Commandment has made it too expensive to follow his example."

Edgar A. Poe, A Study. By John W. Robertson, M. D. Printed in San Francisco by Bruce Brough.

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RECENT BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

AN Italian's language for the world outside his own country has most often been that of canvas and brush, or a golden voice in opera. We have not often looked to Italy for an historically derived, brilliantly built theory of philosophy. Of late, however, we have been getting tantalizing bits of the wisdom of Benedetto Croce in American magazines, and now we are formally introduced to him in Raffaello Piccoli's study of the man and his work. He calls his book "Benedetto Croce" (Harcourt, Brace), though it deals far more with the growth of his hero's philosophical beliefs than with his private life. Pending the translation of all of Croce's works, this volume giving the essence of his understanding with life is something more than a matter of moment.

To those who have been impressed by the frequently published reports of "coddling" in our prisons, Frank Tannenbaum's "Wall Shadows" (Putnam) will be a revelation. Tannenbaum entered prison an incidental law breaker, with no knowledge of or interest in penal problems. He came out a fervid prison reformer. The narration of his experience on a tour of inspection of American prisons, makes a thought provoking if somewhat horrendous tale. Whipping posts, dark cells, the ball and chain, solitary confinement, were among the punishments he found even in "reform" prisons. The book, while frankly propaganda—presenting three definite approaches to a solution of the penal problem—is singularly without bitterness or that slushy sentiment which characterizes so much of the work of professional prison reformers.

Poetry ripples brooklike through Sir Rabindranath Tagore's "Creative Unity" (Macmillan), in which in a series of essays clothed in language of rare beauty and breathing lofty idealism, the author escorts his audience to heights from which truth is revealed as the unity of all things beautiful and uplifting.

"A readable guide for lovers of choice flowers and juicy vegetables" does not do full justice to Henry T. Finck's fascinating book "Gardening with Brains" (Harper). This is not an ordinary reference book; in it the reader goes with Mr. Finck to his delightful garden in the White Mountains, and learns from him the joy of making things grow, how to improve on nature, and the benefits of outdoor life. As we read that sweet corn loses thirty per cent. of its sugar in the first twenty-four hours after it is pulled, and in the next twenty-four hours about twenty-five per cent., we resolve to sell our golf clubs and buy garden tools for a farm in the White Mountains.

"Community Life and Civic Problems" (Ginn) by Howard Copeland Hill, head of the department of social science of the University of Chicago High School, is an unusual book of its kind. While intended primarily as a textbook for junior high and high

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schools, it should be equally valuable to any group or club contemplating the study of civic problems and desiring a book that will cover the ground thoroughly without being too technical. The book is generously illustrated —over two hundred halftones in the five hundred pages of reading matter —and includes lists of problems and questions, suggestions for debates and compositions, at the end of each chapter.

Before reading "Tahiti" by George Calderon (Harcourt, Brace) we were not quite sure how to pronounce the name of the place. After finishing "Tihoti's" (as the natives of Tahiti nicknamed the author) rambling story, we got out our old atlas and located the scene of one of the most charming travelogs since Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey". Quaint, unassuming, lazy, the book carries one through a delightful series of experiences in a land where the quiet routine of hoary antiquity reigns supreme. And, entirely apart from the merits of the subject matter, the volume is one of the most attractively artistic bits of the publisher's craft we have seen in a long time.

As a handy guide to conversation on books, people, and international affairs, Frederic Harrison's "Novissima Verba" (Holt) ought to prove invaluable. He has long years of background for his seasoned comment, and he has remained open minded even in his regrets over the "caricatures, diaries, and abominable indiscretions" of this age. His analysis of the effect of Woodrow Wilson's brief dictatorship in European affairs, and of the peril of British supremacy are, indeed, last words on their subjects. His literary criticism is perhaps open to the old comment on Matthew Arnold—he has not read enough bad books.

A handsome illustrated volume crammed with facts, legends, gossip, and comment, is "How France Built Her Cathedrals" by Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly (Harper). While not in any sense a technical work it does not consciously seek to avoid technical difficulties; yet it keeps them well within the comprehension of the layman. Those who believe in a simple faith and the individual's innate gift for creating beauty when given his untrammeled chance, find their vindication in the great cathedrals, in the story of their birth and growth under the hands of men who shaped their destinies and sacrificed themselves that they might stand. The author makes vivid the forces inherent in the thirteenth century—that truly marvelous century—which produced the very flower of them. There is a comprehensive index; one might wish the paper used were less heavy.

When Senator Hoar was advocating such a Utopian move as Philippine independence, way back in the 'nineties, the question was not of great importance, because the Islanders were not ready for self-government. 1922 finds a different situation. Philippine independence is a very real and very vital problem today, and the illuminating facts fascinatingly told in "The Corner-Stone of Philippine Independence" by Francis Burton Harrison (Century) compel recognition of a progressive people's fight for independence. Mr. Harrison, who was for seven years governor general of the Philippine Islands, knows whereof he speaks—and he speaks succinctly and to the point.

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"Peace and Bread in Time of War" by Jane Addams (Macmillan) is "the outgrowth of an attempt to write a brief history of the efforts for peace made by a small group of women in the United States during the European War". As the work of an avowed pacifist, this volume manifests a deep-seated and acrid hatred of war: a hatred such as might be expected of one who, like Jane Addams, has devoted her life to humanitarian pursuits. But Miss Addams does not oppose war merely on emotional grounds; she has written an eminently thoughtful and well reasoned book in which she analyzes from personal experience many of the effects of the conflict; and the challenge she issues to nationalism, to international suspicion and jealousy, and to the League of Nations as organized, will be of interest to every follower of contemporary affairs, and to everyone who hopes for an ultimate and abiding peace.

Charlie Chaplin in "Shoulder Arms" or "The Kid" is a consummate artist. Charlie Chaplin as a writer reminds one of the old adage, "Shoemaker, stick to your last". It were far better for Charlie to stick to the screen and let his press agent "do" the literary effusions. "My Trip Abroad" (Harper) will be a crushing blow to those who believe the comedian to be mentally ambidextrous. Charlie can act the clown superbly, but when he writes a book, although in all seriousness, he's still clownish but doesn't know it.

The tragedy, vividly depicted, which crazed minds considered necessary to the emancipation of the Russian people, is portrayed in "Thirteen Years at the Russian Court" (Doran) by Pierre Gilliard, who through his employment as tutor to the Czar's children knew the Russian royal family intimately. Nicholas is described as lovable but lacking in will power, and only indirectly responsible for the cruelties which led to the revolution.

The quick wit and keen observation of O. Henry play over a small area in his "Letters to Lithopolis" (Doubleday, Page). They are addressed to a "cousin" who claimed him on the strength of having had a great-grandmother whose name was the same as his nom de plume. Her real claim lay rather in their common enjoyment of unvarnished human nature, a fact which her explanatory comments make clear. O. Henry's scratchy illustrations are not the least attractive feature of this little book which is limited to a subscription edition of 427 copies.

In these days of irrelevant titles and irreverent books, it is a pleasure to meet a volume whose title exactly fits its contents, and whose contents do not fall short of the promise in the title. "Streaks of Life" by Ethel Smyth (Knopf) has this outstanding merit. For example, when writing of her personal experience with the Empress Eugénie, Dr. Smyth doesn't attempt the impossible, a complete biography in a few pages (alas, so often attempted by writers of greater renown), but paints a few colorful events from the life of a great person. Her book is just what its title says it is—a streaky collection of essays, a few bold strokes of primary color without tinting or shading.

Have you ever sat in the sanctum of a celebrity and listened to him talk

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—not orate—about the subject upon which he is an authority? Well, the author of "The Book Collector at Home" (Putnam), P. B. Allan, knows books, does not flood his work with a mass of technicalities, and talks of big and small things alike in the same conversational manner. He rambles, yea, meanders peacefully along, now and then stopping to pluck a stray anecdote or to bask in the shade of an apt allegory. To those who collect books or hope some day to do, "The Book Collector at Home" will prove both helpful and highly delightful—for all the world like meeting Mr. Allan in his study and talking "books" over a good cigar, the while ensconced in a comfy chair with one's feet higher than his head.

Stay at homes have read too many tales of roving fellow countrymen in these years since the Great War ended, and the doughboys turned Ulysses. The books are often good, but there are so many of them that the audience has grown blasé, even flippant, with a tendency to ridicule by imitation. There are elements in "The Adventures of a Tropical Tramp" (Dodd, Mead) by Harry L. Foster which lift it out of being merely one more picaresque journal, but still it drags at times, probably because of the overtruthfulness of the author or the incompleteness of his illusions. He has seen South America, her cities and mountains, her outstanding dirtiness, her not so very attractive señoritas, all with the eye of a pleasantly humorous, imperturbable wanderer with a photographic mind and a gift of adaptability which stood him well in odd byways of adventure.

In "Why Europe Leaves Home" (Bobbs-Merrill), Kenneth L. Roberts considers comprehensively the question of immigration in its relation to postwar conditions in the various countries of Europe. The book is interestingly written, abounds in entertaining anecdotes, and tends to support the author's contention that any good immigration policy must allow only a fixed number of immigrants to enter America each year, must accept only persons essential to the well being of the country, and must see that these reach that section of the country where they are needed. Unfortunately, in spite of its serious purpose, the work is marred by a strained and sophomoric humor that tends to distract the reader's attention and to make him suspect the author's sincerity. The following is an example: "Given a free field and no restrictions, they (the immigrants) will surge to such an extent that they will, as one might say, turn America into one vast surgery."

Fragments of emotional ecstasy cast in brittle forms that have a delicate strength—drops of loveliness caught up in shells—Mark Turbyfill's finger tips touch moments and mold them, rarely incisive, into poems. Now he is naively direct, candid as the child, Hilda Conkling. Again, fiercely sophisticated, prismatic adjectives flash and jangle, in poems describing a movement of two Russian dancers, pattern in cloth, or procession of figures on a lamp screen. But the ardor of his vision miraculously survives. He does not need to look through other men's glasses because he sees fresh; and so the banal phrase becomes unthinkable. "The Living Frieze" (Monroe Wheeler) divides under pleasantly suggestive headings: "The Geometrical Sensualist", "Trimmed With Fire", "Neither Dust

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Nor Tracks". In the last Turbyfill steps, ratherly gingerly, among the furniture of human relations, more particularly the friendship of a young man and an older woman, exulting in unfamiliar curves of thought and "slanting, unacknowledged questionings". These are more than decorative toys to be flattered by the tentative and detestable: "work of brilliant promise". Mark Turbyfill establishes his integrity as a poet. He is young and he comes from Chicago. Impossible to believe that one thin exquisite volume is the end of him.

A very readable and valuable book is Lieutenant-General Baron von Margutti's volume of reminiscenses, "The Emperor Francis Joseph and His Times" (Doran). In a refreshingly self-effacing manner the author gives us a clear picture of the emperor's unusual personality, his influence in Europe and his own empire, the splendor and rigid etiquette of the Austrian court, and the tragedies which followed this monarch throughout his long life. The intricacies of the situation in Central Europe in those uncertain days before the Sarajevo murder, and the web of political intrigue in which all Europe was enmeshed, are reviewed from a rather unusual point of view—only history can tell whether or not these opinions are correct. They are at any rate of very great interest.

Very gradually Benedetto Croce is coming to be more to us than a name reechoing from Italy. That final simplicity of clear understanding and happily worded appreciation makes a most attractive book of "The Poetry of Dante" (Holt), translated by Douglas Ainslie. It follows Dante's progress as a poet from the early period of his youthful Provençal manner to the flaming genius of his "Inferno". And was ever reader given better advice anent reading Dante than Croce's?—

> Read Dante just as all ingenuous readers do and are right in doing, paying little heed to the other world, very little to the moral divisions, none at all to the allegories, and greatly enjoying the poetic representations, in which all the poet's multiform passion is condensed, purified, and expressed.

"Asia at the Crossroads" by E. Alexander Powell (Century) is an open minded and illuminating discussion of the problems of the Far East. The book is designed for the layman, but it will please only that layman who is willing to look impartially and without prejudice upon Japan, China, Korea, and the Philippine Islands. Mr. Powell is without bias, but he presents the problems of the Orient in a light that is not always favorable to the white man; the volume on the whole represents a clear sighted and effective plea for that tolerance and that mutual sympathetic understanding which is the *sine qua non* of harmony between east and west.

Not many families are able to boast of an ornithologist, and yet innumerable people would like to be on better terms with the birds they hear and see. F. Schuyler Mathews in "The Book of Birds for Young People" (Putnam) introduces us to the birds and makes us at once at home with them. He is accurate, yet not so scientific that he fails to understand the layman's needs. The book is well illustrated, and not only will the bird student find it helpful but the lone seeker after bird knowledge will regard it as a "find".

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge in Cooperation with the American Library Association

There is but one newcomer in the list of books in demand during April at the public libraries — Stefansson's "The Friendly Arctic". For the first time in nearly two years there is not a single book of South Sea adventure scoring high enough to be included among the first ten. The O'Brien books have had a tremendous vogue — "White Shadows" and "Mystic Isles" — and one wonders whether we are to go in for the polar regions with the same enthusiasm we displayed for the tropics.

Our interest in the beginnings of things grows. Van Loon's "The Story of Mankind" has climbed from the bottom of the list to keep closer company with Wells's great "Outline", which has held the first place among general books almost from its publication in 1920. As for the rest of the general list, gossipy biography describes it.

In fiction "If Winter Comes" has lengthened its lead over all other contenders for first place; more than ninety per cent. of all libraries reporting this month placed Mr. Hutchinson's novel at the top of the list. Consumption of "Main Street" is approaching the saturation point, and there are two or three recent novels that are knocking for admission to the list so vigorously that we can look for material changes in the fiction list in another month or two.—F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	If Winter Comes	*A.S.M. Hutchinson*	LITTLE, BROWN
2.	Her Father's Daughter	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY
3.	To the Last Man	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
4.	Brass	*Charles G. Norris*	DUTTON
5.	Helen of the Old House	*Harold Bell Wright*	APPLETON
6.	The Head of the House of Coombe	*Frances Hodgson Burnett*	STOKES
7.	Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
8.	The Brimming Cup	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT
9.	The Pride of Palomar	*Peter B. Kyne*	COSMOPOLITAN
10.	Three Soldiers	*John Dos Passos*	DORAN

GENERAL

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
2.	Queen Victoria	*Lytton Strachey*	HARCOURT
3.	The Mirrors of Washington	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
4.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
5.	The Story of Mankind	*Hendrik Van Loon*	BONI
6.	The Mirrors of Downing Street	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
7.	Woodrow Wilson as I Know Him	*Joseph P. Tumulty*	DOUBLEDAY
8.	The Glass of Fashion	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
9.	Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	*Margot Asquith*	DORAN
10.	The Friendly Arctic	*Vilhjalmur Stefansson*	MACMILLAN

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FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

Including the Hebrew

I am minded to tell of one of the greatest romances of the world war. There lived some years ago in Warsaw a Polish Jew by the name of Abraham J. Stiebel. He ran a little shoe store out of which he made big money. Having become prosperous, and being imaginative always, he moved to Moscow where he opened a much larger concern, extended his business to leather goods in general, and was choice picking for the Bolshevists when they discontinued that widespread feature of modern civilization known as private property. The majority of Stiebel's stock was carted off in the communist basket.

But before this happened he had begun publishing, in Moscow, a quarterly known as "Hatekufa" which, I am told, means "Turning Point". Three volumes were published and then the Soviet put also this scheme to bed. Stiebel and his wife escaped with their lives and a reasonable amount of their savings, wandered about for a season, and then returned to Warsaw where they are now engaged in bringing out classical works in Hebrew translations. They are stopping at nothing. Tolstoy is to be made accessible to those Hebrews who prefer to do their reading in their mother tongue, Lange's "History of Materialism" is on the list along with the works of the more prominent Scandinavian writers, and the complete "History of Hebrew Religious Philosophy". This latest of publishing houses is located in Tell-Ahib, a suburb of Jaffa. And as these books appear they are to be sold primarily in Palestine, Russia of all countries, Poland, and the United States.

Since the first work to be issued is from the Danish, it is only fair to list other northern works that have been selected. Ibsen will be represented by "An Enemy of the People", "John Gabriel Borkman", "Brand", and "When We Dead Awaken", Herman Bang by "Men without a Country", Björnson by "Arne", and Hamsun by "Victoria"; while the whole of Jens Peter Jacobsen will be included. His "Niels Lyhne" (Doubleday, Page) has already appeared, done into Hebrew from the Danish by Pesach Ginzburg. Other Scandinavian works will be translated from the German editions by Jacob Fichmann.

This is romance. And it is all of a piece with what has been said before in this department concerning the international shake up languages have undergone as a result of the war. Comparative literature, that mind extending study originated largely by Goethe, can no longer be confined to three or four of the leading peoples. From now on, the output of Tell-Ahib in Palestine must be taken into consideration along with that of London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, and other capitals. And the familiar copyright law must be explicit in the matter of translations, including the Hebrew.

Now as to Jens Peter Jacobsen—pious Danes went out to Thisted on April 7 and placed a laurel wreath on his grave. Professor Vilhelm Andersen, author of a history of Danish literature, Sophus Michaëlis, and Erik

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Skram, three good men and true in literary Denmark, constituted the committee. The occasion was Jacobsen's seventy-fifth birthday. Now his novel appears at Tell-Ahib as "Nils Lineh"—there is no "y" in Hebrew—and, in order that his people, at least those in Denmark, may be able to read this work of rare fascination with due intelligence, Edvard Brandes, brother of Georg Brandes, has written a brochure on it. From it I take the following facts, feeling that any light thrown on "Niels Lyhne", as familiar to American readers in the admirable translation of Hanna Astrup Larsen, will be appreciated. And what Edvard Brandes has to say concerning Jacobsen can be accepted without cavil. They were both born in the same year, 1847, and were intimately acquainted.

The first edition of "Niels Lyhne" appeared in 1880. Jacobsen wrote it on letter paper of many colors. The opening description of Bartholine he is said to have written many times. For remember that since his day, the word "inexpressible" has ceased to have value in Danish, just as *inexprimable* lost caste and color after Théophile Gautier had shown what a French stylist might do if really diligent and ingenious. Nevertheless, there were minor slips of punctuation and word formation in the first edition which have been mechanically repeated in the various succeeding editions. Brandes hopes that some day someone will correct these. And then he sighs: "But the trouble is, it is only a year or two until the copyright on Jacobsen's works will have expired, and then some ungifted but industrious student will bring out every hitherto unpublished scratch from his pen." But if this is done, which will be a pity, except for philologists, a German will more than likely be guilty of the disservice to Jacobsen's reputation. For in Germany you are not considered cultured unless you have read "Niels Lyhne".

To what extent is the novel autobiographical? Niels is a poet who never had to worry over royalties. He owned the great estate of Lönborggaard. Jacobsen had a partition put in his bachelor room in Copenhagen so that he could say he had two rooms. In Rome he lived even more simply. His host was a shoemaker. He nearly froze out during one severe winter in the Eternal City, whose climate can be just as chilly as Copenhagen's. Niels was not particularly industrious, spiritually. Jacobsen never let his mind lie fallow or flit about. He was an habitué of the circulating library. He read the English novels as fast as they appeared in the Tauchnitz edition. He read the whole of Shakespeare several times, improving his English all the while. He did this at first to the end that he might be better equipped to translate Darwin. And having finished with "The Origin of Species", he never lost his interest. He read Byron and, says Brandes, "he loved Dickens and was but little repelled by his defects".

A good deal of Jacobsen's reading is reflected in the novel. The numerous writers his characters mention—Molière, Schiller, Novalis, Rousseau, Evald, Marryat, Oehlenschläger, and others—Jacobsen himself had read. There is one passage however which shows how careful an author has to be if he does not wish someone to call him to task for negligible inadvertencies. Jacobsen says: "The Claudis had two children, one a nineteen year old daughter named Fennimore after the heroine in 'St. Roche', one of Frau von Palzow's novels which had been

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very popular in the time of Mrs. Claudi's childhood."

Frau Palzow was a German novelist who died in the year Jacobsen was born, 1847. She wrote a number of popular novels one of which, "St. Roche", appeared at Breslau in 1838. How can Mrs. Claudi have read this novel before Fennimore's birth? Though Jacobsen does not give dates, we know that Niels "died the difficult death" in 1864, the year of Denmark's war with Prussia. Read the novel with an adding machine at your elbow and you will see that he was forty-two when he died. He had been married to Gerda for four years and was thirty-eight when he forsook flirtations, active and passive, and married the seventeen year old girl. Since Fennimore is eleven years younger than Niels, she cannot possibly have been born later than 1837, one year before "St. Roche" appeared. Which I mention in order to show what a slight touch of research may do with fiction. Jacobsen may have been "the seraph of Danish realism", but he was not the embodiment of historical accuracy. Such accuracy as he indulged in he employed in the depiction of souls. And that is why "Nils Lineh" is publication No. 1 from the house of Erez Israel at Tell-Ahib not far from Jaffa.

The other day Hilaire Belloc published his work entitled "The Jews". In it he pleads for peace between Jew and Gentile and predicts "one of those tragedies" if peace is not obtained. He is none too hopeful. I personally cannot conjure up the slightest shadow of interest in his distrust and skepticism. And I believe that the work being done by Abraham J. Stiebel will make Mr. Belloc himself less bilious. It is in any event—this revival of classical Hebrew, language and literature—as interesting as any intellectual movement now before this restless, restive world.

ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD

French Literature for the Club Program

LITERARY clubs in America show a growing interest in French literature, both classical and contemporary. This is a logical complement to the increase in French students which all universities have witnessed since the war. I hear of clubs where a whole season is to be devoted to French history and letters.

A club meeting is not a class, and is not bound to the same strictness of program. Members are supposed to have acquired, during their school years, a certain training in French and a knowledge of French classics. The scope of a club program seems to me to include such significant or entertaining works as were then left aside. A new perspective on French letters should thus be obtained, not duplicating but widening and enlivening the basic teaching of a few years ago. The French teacher used to explain "Les Précieuses Ridicules" and "L'Abbé Constantin". Now why not dig as far as "Don Juan", "Les Trois Contes", "Les Moralités Légendaires", "L'Annonce faite à Marie" and "L'Ecole des Indifférents"? For some reason or other, these and many more were never included in school programs.

Of course, the first question is, how seriously does your club intend to go about it? If you just plan to meet once in a while and exchange a few bits of information concerning the French best sellers, why not buy a fashionable magazine or two, consult the man behind the counter at your

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bookseller's, purchase the recent works of Pierre Benoît, Paul Géraldy, and Marcel Prévost and let it go at that? But we shall assume that you are not so easily pleased, that you want a real foundation for your future literary investigations, and that you would like also to possess a few master keys to the treasures of modern French letters.

A first suggestion. If you have, say, a weekly meeting, why not pursue, one week out of two, the study of classical literature, and the other week the discovery of modern works? On the first and third week of each month, there could be a regular course on French history and literature from the origins to 1830 for instance, and on the second and fourth weeks, on France from King Louis-Philippe to President Millerand. If I choose 1830, it is because the "battle of 'Hernani'" marked a conscious and deliberate breaking away from the past such as French literature had never witnessed before. And politically, the break was even deeper.

With this plan club members who are especially interested in modern letters will not have to wait half the year. If the club subscribes to French current periodicals, such as those described here last month, they can be used with more profit from the start.

For the history of past literature, good handbooks are many. I suggest G. Lanson rather than Doumic, or else the elementary history by A. Fortier of Tulane University (Holt). These books are generally at their best in their commentaries on the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. After 1870, even Lanson ceases to be valuable. (On French history, the best résumés are probably given by V. Duruy.) For the literature of the nineteenth century, there is a good anthology by Paul Sensine (Payot) in two volumes — prose and poetry. Also in two volumes, at the Mercure de France, "Poètes d'aujourd'hui" by A. van Bever and P. Léautaud covers very completely the period extending from Verlaine to the first years of the twentieth century.

But anthologies and handbooks do not replace original works. In the case of old French, how will you escape the philological difficulty? By all means read, and read aloud, the "Roman de Tristan et Iseut" restored by Joseph Bédier, and, as soon as it is available, his restoration of the "Chanson de Roland". All the flavor and all the virtues of the old language have passed into these, and — you don't need a lexicon.

Also for reading aloud, some fragments of Rabelais: Frère Jean des Entommeures at the battle in the abbey garden — the address by Maître Janotus for the returning of the bells — these are in all expurgated editions. (Still I wouldn't have suggested this author, except for the fact that I shall be far away and safe when this paper appears.)

As "Horace", "Andromaque" and such classical classics, if I may call them so, are doubtless familiar to you, do enjoy a reading of "Les Plaideurs" (and why not a production, if you can muster a cast? I assure you that three or four new and successful "comedies" I saw last winter seem dull compared to that sparkling farce).

"Le Misanthrope", "L'Amour Médecin", are representative Molière plays. But "Don Juan", seldom played, strangely near to Shakespeare and the nineteenth century Romantics, deserves perhaps even more attention. As for the scenes of "Tartufe", they are so frequent around us that I wonder if an almost literal adaptation to

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modern life could not be worked out with success. (That's another club suggestion.)

From La Bruyère to Montesquieu, from Bossuet to Voltaire, from Saint-Simon to Beaumarchais, there are enough to choose among for reading or commenting. Only try not to overlook such things as "Candide", "Les Lettres Persanes", and "Le Mariage de Figaro".

After Chénier (Laclos is for the grown up only) you will have nearly reached the end of the first program. Then, for vacation reading, "La Chartreuse de Parme" and "Adolphe" will blend harmoniously with the new books for which a parallel survey of modern literature has prepared you.

The period of 1830-1922, which Mr. Wells has found to be so short compared with the Paleolithic ages, is of much greater import from a literary standpoint. Victor Hugo is, of course, the personification of the French nineteenth century — in good and in bad. The famous preface to his "Cromwell" is a literary document not to be neglected today; and many a piece from "La Légende des Siècles" deserves the reading aloud which it calls for. There will not be time enough, I suppose, for reading more than short fragments of "Les Misérables", Gautier, Balzac, but try to read the whole of "Barberine" or another of Musset's plays. Then you will enter the world of contemporary literature, as Flaubert (read the excellent book by Albert Thibaudet which is about to appear) and Baudelaire hold the keys to almost all that follows.

Space is too short for even a good enumeration of names — for this end of a century was rich indeed. Renan, Maupassant, Daudet, Zola, Leconte de Lisle, Heredia, lead us to the five decisive poetical influences — Verlaine, Laforgue, Rimbaud, Mallarmé, and Verhaeren — who shaped the literary doctrines on which most younger schools are living today.

Among the living, Anatole France, Maurice Barrès, Henri de Régnier, Francis Jammes, Paul Claudel, André Gide are probably the capital influences. To be at least acquainted with, are Comtesse de Noailles, Edmond Jaloux, Jules Romains, Giraudoux, Dorgelès — but the rest of this list is to be found in our regular monthly notes, or better, in the essays and current critical writings of Thibaudet, Rivière, Le Grix, Suarès, Crémieux, Braga. And there are also American guides, such as Ezra Pound, Ernest Boyd, William Bradley, Ludwig Lewisohn.

I have thrown names by the handful, as the sower does seeds on allegorical pictures. But I do realize that good sowers go more slowly and cautiously about it. . . . I am very optimistic as to the spreading of French current literature in this country. A discriminating taste is rapidly developing, although certain indispensable links in the chain are still missing — namely, a sufficient knowledge of the best prewar production. There is one danger to avoid: many foreigners, who know how to reject the trash, show a tendency to absorb the *second best*, while overlooking the best. People read Rostand but ignore Banville, they read Léon Daudet but ignore Charles Maurras, they read Rolland but ignore Péguy, they know Pierre Louys but not Marcel Schwob, etc.

If it were otherwise, though, foreigners would know better than most French people do themselves. And that would not be proper.

PIERRE DE LANUX

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Poetry Notes from England

IT seemed last year as if the slump in the sales of poetry must have reached bed rock; but this year it has plumbed even lower depths. Some of the best known of the so-called Georgians (though what precisely the word now expresses, expect respect for our monarch, it is hard to say) think themselves lucky to sell a couple of hundred copies; and publishers are beginning to jib at the repeated losses. This would be no matter for much regret if their work showed a corresponding decay; but the truth is that in the case of several at any rate their work has steadily matured since the palmy days of war. Robert Graves, for instance, has shown a distinct advance in every book he has published. Perhaps he is getting rather above the heads of his public; he has certainly got above Louis Untermeyer's, if we are to take seriously his recent splenetic attack in "The New Republic". But then I suppose it is as difficult for Mr. Untermeyer to understand the English tongue as it is for me to understand the American; for though there are surface similarities, the direct meaning of the word being generally much the same, its implications, which are the chief material of poetry, are widely divergent. It is true, I confess, that it is difficult to find the simple and pathetic rhymer of "Fairies and Fusiliers" in the reflective and passionate poet of "The Pier-Glass"; but in heaven's name why shouldn't Mr. Graves be allowed the common privilege of growing up? They used to call him "Khaki in a Bib"; surely he may discard the latter garment as well as the former! But it is a curious thing about his sales that each book he publishes does not sell itself, but immediately sells the last; the public follows him, like King Wenceslaus's page, exactly one step behind.

W. J. Turner's last book "In Time Like Glass" (Sidgwick, Jackson) shows that he too has become more reflective; but he is following a different path from Mr. Graves, by cultivating his skill in the creation both of a pure music of sound, and of a clear dreamlike atmosphere, by images almost non-sensuous, by "dark fires", "frozen light", and imagined "white-armed maidens"; while Mr. Graves tends rather to add reality and a psychological solidity to his imagery. A new poet, Edgell Rickword, whose first book "Behind the Eyes" (Sidgwick, Jackson) has just appeared, while showing himself in many points of style and technique under Mr. Turner's influence, and using a symbolism often pretty definitely Freudian, nevertheless gives such evidence of real originality of mind and emotion that it will be a disaster if he fall into any of those psychological pitfalls that lie in the path of every poet. At any rate, his is a first book to read, and a career to watch. Another new poet of interest is Frank Prewitt, a Canadian, whose clear cut simplicity of expression, in spite of his germane tendency to point the moral, does not hide the fact that he has generally something to say both original and worth saying.

To return to the older poets, Edward Shanks has recently published a vaguely decorative narrative poem, "The Island of Youth" (Collins), in which he uses the old story of Achilles among the maidens on Scyros delicately to hint his opinions on the subject of adolescent sex. It makes very pleasant reading; but it is difficult to imagine that his emotional as opposed to his intellectual compulsion to write

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it can have been great. Walter de la Mare's "The Veil and Other Poems" (Collins: in America, Holt) is probably already too well known on your continent for me to do more than mention it in passing; that is my reason, not any disrespect. It shows Mr. de la Mare's mind still expanding and will mark an important stage in the *English* age that school children will probably remember by the Three D's —Davies, Doughty, and de la Mare. Of books now in the press one of the most obviously important will be Mr. Graves's rather revolutionary work on the psychology and psychological technique of poetry. "On English Poetry" (Heinemann) is a Book of Wisdom, couched in ingenious allegories, rather than an attempt at a dry thesis. What harm or good it will do is in the lap of the Gods; of its widespread effect there can be no doubt.

There has been little published of importance in the way of anthologies: "Irish Poets of To-day" by L. D'O. Walters (T. Fisher Unwin) and the collection of "Women's Verse" by J. C. Squire (Clarendon). The second volume of "Public School Verse" (Heinemann) is still dominated by P. C. Quennell, who is writing better poetry at sixteen than most of his elders. I hope that the rumor of a forthcoming volume of his amazingly original work is not unfounded. In "Oxford Poetry" this year (Blackwell) an attempt has been made to make it "more representative of poetry and less merely of Oxford" than hitherto; an action which most reviewers have inexplicably resented. The selection, from undergraduates resident during the last year, includes the names of Graves, Blunden, Golding, Porter, Prewitt, and Rickword; not a bad year's crop for the much abused university.

And rumor has it that another volume of "Georgian Poetry" is meditated; which brings us back to the word "Georgian". Why is it now become a term of abuse? Many of those critics and anthologists who grew fat on it during the war, men with a wet finger always held up to the breeze, now use it for their sharpest sting. But poetry itself has fallen into disrepute; it is no time to lament the unpopularity of a name. Some blame the anthologists for the fall in the sale of "one man" books; others say they are the poet's best friend, his only popularizer, for the reviewer is a dead weight at best. It is a hard question, and was recently hammered out in the correspondence columns of the "Times Literary Supplement". If that is all, the remedy is simple. Let those people who admire a single piece in an anthology, but say they cannot afford to buy the author's works, institute the custom of sending him the amount of his royalty direct—it will probably only mean 4d or 6d. If widely adopted this practice would at least help him, in these days when patronage on the large scale is dead, not to be entirely dependent on journalism for his bread and butter. I doubt if this plan is so ridiculous as it sounds.

But I think the reason goes deeper. The Britisher hates having his emotions tampered with; and after the hectic days of the late Great War he is only too glad to leave them quiet, without giving them the artificial stimulus of verse. Not only has he taken a dislike to Georgian poetry; he dislikes *all* poetry.

RICHARD HUGHES

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

WHEN we penetrated to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle at the Ambassador Hotel we found a six-footer admirably adapted for football; his build reminded us of John De Witt, famous on Princeton playing fields. A big, blond face, blond mustache, smiling mouth, and smiling corners of the blue eyes. What wonderful uppers on his black shoes! The leather seems to be fashioned in a basket weave. Dark blue serge suit. Sir Arthur moves about the room in an amble; deep sea sailor's gait. Lady Doyle comes in; they both shake hands and talk with animation and a sort of joyous naïveté about the great crowds, with people turned away who come to hear Sir Arthur lecture on spiritualism. Also they ask how his books on spiritualism are selling, and are pleased and utter little ejaculations at hearing the books, too, are in demand. . . . Sir Arthur fills a chair and talks with practised ease of the latest wonders of spiritualism, including the mysterious ectoplasm, the substance sometimes given out by mediums and which can be photographed and which he has touched, felt. . . . He is emphatic as to attitude. Those who look for nothing but fraud are always finding fraud; they are scarcely likely to achieve truth. . . . Must be getting on, soon, with a new book on spiritualism; and there's the thought of possibly doing a novel dealing with the subject. He writes his Sherlock Holmes stories when he thinks of an idea. Only done two, lately, so a new book of them seems rather uncertainly distant. "Have you got an idea?" Once or twice he put Sherlock on a scent suggested by someone else; "The Hound of the Baskervilles" originated in that way. "Goodby," says Sir Arthur, and moves off happily to bathe and eat and prepare for his evening's lecture.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Porter Garnett, formerly of California, who has just accepted the position of associate professor of graphic arts in the Carnegie Institute of Technology at Pittsburg, and whose proudest boast is that he despises New York more than anyone else, while he was in town this winter sent us the following skit. It will be seen to attempt a characterization of the gentlemen and ladies who seek to criticize our literature.

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PERSONAL

A stranger in New York would like to know how the following firms, which do not appear in the city directory or telephone book (to say nothing of Dun and Bradstreet), may be reached:

Moore, Babbitt & Brownell, *antiques*
Phelps, Sherman & Matthews, *curios*
Canby & Benét, *mirrors*
Thayer & Seldes, *notions*
Mencken & Nathan, *acids*
Le Gallienne, Wilkinson & Braithwaite, *artificial flowers*
Hackett & Littell, *lamps and lamp shades*
Lowell & Monroe, *advertising*
Farrar & Weaver, *toys*
Firkins & Cowley, *butter substitutes*
Van Doren & Van Doren, *family supplies*
Stearns, Wilson & Bishop, *developing*
Spingarn & Murray, *elevators*
Pound, Eliot & Aldington, *importers*
Boyd & Colum, *green goods*
Brooks, Gilman & Lewisohn, *illuminators*
Wright & Harris, *nerve specialists*
Anderson, Heep & Hartmann, *brass*
von Freytag-Loringhoven & Kling, *tin*
Dawson, Eaton, Ybarra & Fuller, *writing machines*
Eastman & Dell, *Liberty Bonds*
Untermeyer & Aiken, *butchers*
Lovett, Macy & Rascoe, *appraisers*
Burke, Craven & Rosenfeld, *cleaners*
Erskine, Chapman, Colby & Corbin, *securities*
Follett & Boynton, *novelties*
Strunsky & Morley, *fodder*
Adams, Marquis, Broun & Hammond, *junk*

Joseph Andrew Galahad died on the thirteenth of April. Galahad's losing fight against disease and his gaining fight in the world of poetry have been followed with sympathy and with hope by his many friends. This young ex-soldier, suddenly attacked by tuberculosis several years ago, submitted several poems to "Life". One of the editors of that periodical liked the verse. A correspondence ensued. "The North American Review" accepted another poem. Galahad's doctors informed the editor that his success was prolonging the young man's life. It opened new lines of thought for him. Under the guidance of his eastern friends Galahad commenced to read. Gradually he developed his own interests. His poetry, of uneven quality, has been widely accepted by the magazines. His letters have been even more extraordinary than his poetry. The devotion and the bravery of Joseph Andrew Galahad are things which many of us who have known him through his letters will never forget.

From Arkansas, quaint, with a paisley shawl cape thrown about her, Mrs. Bernie Babcock arrived for a talk the other day. She seemed quietly puzzled, this little woman, who has written such successes as "The Soul of Ann Rutledge" and "The Coming of the King". Now she has several new novels in mind, and a children's book. Two of them concern Lincoln. Yet she is puzzled. She is a very wise lady, who, as a widow with five children, took the burdens of the family upon herself, raised the children and put them through school by the use of her pen. She would like to write of life as she sees it; but people do not want her to do that. She is, of course, a member of the so-called Younger Generation. She revolts against the spirit which will not allow an author to call a spade a spade: "To be read, it sometimes seems as though we must write of life as it is not." "It's worth it though," we agreed. "To get across a message to the world, it must be put in a form that the world will take." And this, we feel sure, is what Mrs. Bernie Babcock in the "wilds of Arkansas" is attempting to do.

The P.E.N. (standing for Poets, Editors, Novelists, Playwrights, Essayists) is an association for the spreading of literary internationalism. It is a simple organization, a dinner club as a matter of fact, which does nothing

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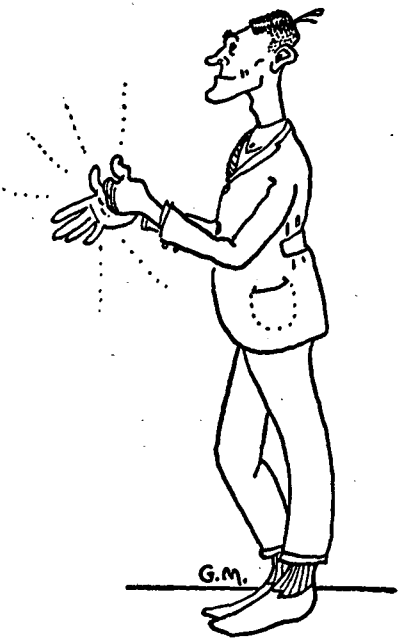
more than meet, eat, and converse. No speeches, is the rule. The English president, and the founder, is John Galsworthy; the French president, Anatole France; the American, Booth Tarkington. The idea is, that it will be possible ultimately for an American member of the P. E. N. who happens to be visiting China to drop in on the Chinese dinner, and, if he can overcome the exigencies of language, chat with the poets, editors, and other literary figures of the flowery kingdom. We thoroughly enjoyed the P.E.N. dinner. It was the most diverse crowd we have ever seen gathered in America. There was Kate Douglas Wiggin seated next Burton Rascoe. There was S. S. McClure, and Glenn Frank of "The Century". There was Alexander Black, Gertrude Atherton, Mary Austin, Kate Jordan, Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, Hamlin Garland, Will Irwin, Clare Kummer, Robert Nathan, Jesse Lynch Williams, and many many more. The chatting began at seven at the Coffee House Club and, with an interval for dinner, kept up until nearly midnight. This seems to us one of the most promising clubs to which we have ever belonged. It has been a great pleasure, in connection with the P.E.N., to meet Mrs. George Riggs (Kate Douglas Wiggin). "The Birds' Christmas Carol" always remains as one of the most distinct memories of our childhood. With the "Jungle Books" and the Norse legends, it stands out as a vivid *picture*. We can hear the chimes outside Carol's window, as we can hear the laughter of Loki along the hills and the pound of Thor's hammer. The first afternoon we met Mrs. Riggs, she was dressed in a loose flowing tea gown, and she seemed, as she seems to thousands of school children each year, just the sort of person who should have written "A Child's Journey with Dickens", "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm", and all the others.

The second of Gene Markey's interviews with Chicago's illustrious ones, concerns no less a personage than



YORICK, THE YOUNG INTELLECTUAL

As I entered the room Alonzo Yorick sat pecking at a large typewriter, and I was at once impressed with the youthfulness of his appearance. His hair is always trimmed boyishly, he wears suits with belts in the back, and further carries out the idea of the *young* intellectual by adroit adolescent posturings. I am sure he is not a day over thirty-five.

At first I sensed a chill aloofness in his manner, but as soon as he learned that I had come to interview him he became instantly delighted to see me, insisted that I take the comfortable

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chair, and presented me with a picture of himself, which he assured me would reproduce superbly.

Then Alonzo Yorick put on for my benefit a brilliant literary monolog that lasted fifteen minutes and shattered 338 of my ideals — *pop! pop! pop!* — as clay ducks are shattered in a shooting gallery. It was undoubtedly a brilliant monolog, though differing but slightly from the monologs that all young intellectuals are offering this season. Indeed, I am convinced that there is a distribution of mimeographed copies at the Young Intellectual Headquarters. But no matter. Alonzo Yorick talked long and loudly, and used the word *intelligentsia* thirty-seven times.

"Our aim", he declared, whacking his palm with his fist, "is revolt! *That's* what it is — *revolt!*"

"Is this", I ventured, fired by his enthusiasm, "a *new* idea — originating with the young intellectuals?"

"Yes," he said; "entirely new. And see what we've accomplished. Why, we're kicking over *everything!*"

"Is it true that Mr. Mencken —"

"Mencken may have influenced us at first — *but*" — and here young Mr. Yorick shook his fist at me — "Mencken had better look out! We're liable to turn on *him* one of these days, and totally demolish him!"

I shuddered. Up to this moment I had failed to realize the tremendous power and influence of the young intellectuals.

"What", I queried timidly, "is your attitude toward literary tradition?"

"Ha, ha!" shouted the young intellectual. "There *is* no literary tradition! We destroyed all that bunk last year!"

"But — er — the established modern authors —"

"Yah! We've made bums of the whole list! The only established modern authors will be the ones *we* establish."

I arose to go, and Alonzo Yorick followed me to the door, still talking. Even as I descended the stairs I heard him.

"Revolt!" he was declaiming, "that's us!"

Alas, poor Yorick . . . . . .

Uptown in New York, at its first performance in the Plymouth Theatre, we saw "The Hairy Ape" again. This is a more effective production than was possible on the small stage of the Provincetown Players. We still find it one of the most moving performances we have ever witnessed in the theatre. To miss it, is to miss one of those rare experiences — the witnessing of authentic genius flaring through a dramatic medium. For two years, now, we have been wanting to meet Eugene O'Neill. Our pursuit of "America's greatest playwright" reminds us somewhat of the activities of James Boswell in the eighteenth century, as we said last month. Remembering some of the letters that we have written to Mr. O'Neill, we blush to print the following which we find in Chauncey B. Tinker's "Young Boswell":

EDINBURGH, 29 *March* 1773.

DEAR SIR,—

I sincerely wish you joy on the great success of your new comedy, *She stoops to conquer, or the mistakes of a night.* The English Nation was just falling into a lethargy. Their blood was thickened and their minds *creamed and mantled like a standing pool;* and no wonder — when their Comedies which should enliven them, like sparking Champagne, were become mere syrup of poppies gentle, soporifick draughts. Had there been no interruption to this, our audiences must have gone to the Theatres with their night caps. In the opera houses abroad, the Boxes are fitted up for tea-drinking. Those at Drury Lane & Covent

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Garden must have been furnished with settees, and commodiously adjusted for repose. I am happy to hear that you have waked the spirit of mirth which has so long layn dormant, and revived natural humour and hearty laughter. It gives me pleasure that

Eugene O'Neill

our friend Garrick has written the Prologue for you. It is at least lending you a Postilion, since you have not his coach; and I think it is a very good one, admirably adapted both to the Subject and to the Author of the Comedy.

You must know my wife was safely delivered of a daughter, the very evening that *She stoops to conquer* first appeared. I am fond of the coincidence. My little daughter is a fine healthy lively child, and I flatter myself shall be blest with the cheerfullness of your Comick Muse. She has nothing of that wretched whining and crying which we see children so often have; nothing of the *Comedie Larmoyante*. I hope she shall live to be an agreable companion, and to diffuse gayety over the days of her father, which are sometimes a little cloudy.

I intend being in London this spring, and promise myself great satisfaction in sharing your social hours. In the mean time, I beg the favour of hearing from you. I am sure you have not a warmer friend, or a steadier admirer. While you are in the full glow of Theatrical Splendour, while all the great and the gay in the British metropolis are literally hanging upon *your smiles*, let me see that you can *stoop to write* to me.

I ever am, with great regard, Dear Sir,
Your affectionate, humble servant,
JAMES BOSWELL.

My address is James's Court, Edinburgh. Pray write directly. Write as if in repartee.

Well, at any rate, we were successful, and when Mr. O'Neill left the quietness of his lighthouse home in Provincetown the last time, we were fortunate enough to meet him. He does not disappoint. Like John Masefield, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost, and two other younger people we have met (one boy and one girl) Eugene O'Neill immediately impresses one as possessing authentic and prophetic genius. Tall, quiet, dark, with deep eyes and strong hands, he is shy in a crowd and entirely free from self-consciousness when talking to you. With all his knowledge of life, of men as they live at sea and in the dingier parts of cities, and with all his feeling for the stupendous weight of human experience, he has preserved a gentleness and a sympathy for mankind that gives the remarkable depth of understanding which characterizes his plays. We asked O'Neill what his plans for future writing were. He is working on a revision of his "The Fountain" now. This play of Ponce de Leon will be somewhat in the manner of "The Emperor Jones" and "The Hairy Ape". From this tendency toward expressionism, or the non-representational drama as it is called by some, he intends to swing back to an even firmer naturalism than that of "Beyond the Horizon". His work, to him of course, is a thing to be taken calmly and with a certain dispassionate but absorbing interest. Modesty is his first characteristic, a modesty that permits him to talk of his plays with a penetration that smacks almost of the clinic. We went, for a few moments, to the workshop of the Provincetown Players, in the cellar of their playhouse in Macdougal Street. Here O'Neill talked with the actors, with the men who were building scenery for the uptown production, and listened in an amused way to the shouting of the stokers above us on the stage. We were sur-

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prised to find that he is not in any sense a Harvard man. We said, "Of course, we've always heard of you as a Harvard man, because of your graduate work there, I suppose." "Oh", said O'Neill, "my allegiance is always with Princeton. I like Princeton. I had a good time there, even though I only stayed a year." We think that Eugene O'Neill is the only great poetic dramatist America has ever produced — though his plays do not seem to be written in poetry. There is nothing precious about O'Neill. "Anna Christie" and "The Hairy Ape" are not in any sense "highbrow". They interpret life to itself — ourselves to life. They are universal, appealing, and they hold the audience in a grip that cannot be challenged by "The Demi-Virgin".

The American modernists have this month succeeded the French in the series of exhibitions at the Sculptors' Gallery. Both painting and sculpture are as usual included, but the latter is on the whole the more interesting. The names of the sculptors — Jo Davidson, George G. Barnard, Anna V. Hyatt, Paul Manship, among others — will indicate to those who are familiar with their work, that there is much in the exhibition that is sane and interesting and as far as possible from freakish. In fact, Henry Fitch Taylor is one of the few sculptors represented who shows a leaning to the purely "abstract". Eli Nadelman is modernistic, of course, but scarcely incomprehensible, as were so many in the French show. Paul Manship's present tendency to formalize and archaize his compositions, often with charming results, is well illustrated. And Mahonri Young's lovely "Alcemena" is to be seen once more here, in the company of several other works already familiar to the public, such as the drawings by Boardman Robinson and Albert Sterner. The Americans "stand up" well, it seems to us, in competition with the foreign modernists. But the present exhibition at the Sculptors' Gallery, did not seem to us nearly so stimulating, nor even so fairly representative of the Americans alone as the current show at Montross's, which includes Van Gogh, Picasso, and others among the foreigners. Here and there were good things, but the Sculptors' exhibit seemed to us, on the whole, uninspired. We did not like the two paintings by Charles Sheeler (it is probably heresy to say so, but we have liked other things by the same artist so much better). Paul Dougherty, whom we have liked in his earlier vein, seemed unsuccessful in his excursion into modernism. And, above all, we were disappointed by the absence of Marin, for John Marin is our newest artistic enthusiasm, and we have about him all the fervor of the late convert. He seems to us extraordinarily genuine — a fresh, unaffected, and very stimulating creative artist. Even in the more abstract things, one cannot see any other method by which the mood, or idea, could have been conveyed at all. And again and again one catches the thrill which comes when the feeling of the artist about his subject carries perfectly to the spectator. Moreover, his type of subject — ships, grey and windy water, little villages on the shore — seems especially adapted to suggestive, free, modernistic treatment, and water color peculiarly his medium. Very few of the other living and very recent modernists have convinced us as Marin has, and none has given us such a genuine thrill of pleasure. However, there was no Marin at the Sculptors' Gallery, and

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for that matter, none on exhibition at Montross's. For Marin is (perhaps wisely) very chary of too noisy a publicity, and is more rarely in evidence in New York exhibitions than others of far less importance in every way. The "Pop" Hart things, the Burchfield water colors, the curiously fascinating decorative paintings of dancers by Arthur B. Davies, ought to be mentioned in passing, before leaving the Montross exhibition. But it would be hopeless to try to "notice" everything of charm or interest at this very good modernist show. The Brooklyn Society of Etchers have an interesting International Exhibition this month at the Anderson Galleries, and here again the Americans show to great advantage in comparison with foreign workers in the same media (etching and allied arts). This in spite of the fact that the American prints, by Gallagher, Roth, Arms, Hornby, Mary Cassatt, etc., are all made from recently etched plates, while the work of such foreign artists as Muirhead Bone, Menpes, Augustus John, Matisse, Picasso, Liebermann and Forain is retrospective and represents a much longer period of activity. This is one of the good current exhibitions in New York. Another is the Abbott Thayer memorial exhibit at the Metropolitan (though, in the latter, it is perhaps unfortunate that so many of the winged figure compositions, similar in conception and design, should be grouped together in the same room. To our way of thinking, they lose interest somewhat by the juxtaposition). But there are good portraits and two excellent landscapes as well in the large room; and in a smaller room (number 32), which many visitors in all probability miss, is a collection of Thayer's drawings, many of them very lovely in quality.

Occasionally we are inspired to read the morning papers, and we find it profitable. One of the most recent results of this dissipation was a chat with Elinor Glyn. We saw that she was stopping at the Plaza on her way from Hollywood to Europe. We clapped on our soft, picaresque brown hat (the one our F. E. approves of); we called at the hotel; we were told we might come up in ten minutes. Mrs. Glyn, draped languorously on a chaise longue (we *will* outdo that reporter on the New York "World"), fixed her eye on the houses across the street and gave us five minutes. It was then eleven-thirty, the end of an exhausting morning with many photographers. Desiring to please, we kept our wristwatch in our hand like a doctor and asked our most professional question — (we had been carefully coached by Your Editor) —we demanded Mrs. Glyn's opinions on contemporary American literature. That tired lady replied that she had been so busy with motion pictures, so busy studying the politics of our country (she is more interested in politics than literature, anyway), that she had read only one recent novel, "The Beautiful and Damned". "Mr. Fitzgerald is a superb artist but it is deplorable that his theme is so unrelievedly morbid. What is the purpose of any literature?" she asked rhetorically. "It is to uplift, is it not?" (Naturally, in five minutes, we didn't jot this down in a notebook, but we think these are her very words.) Pause . . . Your Gossip speaks: "What of the interpretative novel? Mr. Fitzgerald is rather representative of the state of mind of the younger intelligentsia, we

Elinor Glyn

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think we are safe in saying." "But", she objected, "where there is no hope, the soul is dead. If it is true that 'The Beautiful and Damned' reflects the reaction of the youth of America, say that I think it is terrible. I do not find that condition in France, anywhere in Europe. You have no right to be hopeless. You lost comparatively nothing in the Great War. I don't understand why you should be hopeless." We hastened to say that F. Scott Fitzgerald is very young, that he may change his philosophy. Whereupon Mrs. Glyn wrecked our entire purpose in interviewing her by saying, vehemently, that she thought it one of the greatest mistakes to confound an author and his writings; that she, personally, did not want to be judged that way. Perhaps she won't mind, though, if we tell our curious readers that her eyes are very youthful, grey ones. We are exultant, too, that it was given to us, though denied the profuse reporter of the "World", to see that "famous red hair", for it had just been dressed, turban-like, and was not covered by the "lavender picture hat". No wonder it is famous — it is even redder than Your Gossip's, which is going a long, long way in vividness.

In rushes our fashion editor, all aflutter from a farewell Pavlowa performance. Since we have never been able to say No to the fair sex we grant her request for a sheet of copy paper. With this result:

It is not often that we are actually thrilled and completely lifted off this earth. Not that we are blasé, but — well, this isn't Paris. So we wish to cry to the housetops the praises of our benefactress, Anna Pavlowa, in spite of the fact that she continuously refuses to be interviewed by any more "reporters". Ordinarily we would be very fierce with a person refusing us an audience. However, in this case, we are most happy to forgive this Russian artist inasmuch as she and her Ballet Russe are leaving America for a period of two years, and we are going to miss her terribly. We wish to bow to Pavlowa, truly "The Incomparable", as she sets out for India, China, the West Indies (how we do envy her that trip); we wish to extend to her our deepest regrets that next season will not give us the joy of her dancing. We feel that had Telemachus of "Rosinante to the Road Again" been with us at a recent matinée the "gesture" of Pavlowa would not have been wasted: that gesture which lingers in our memory as a mist of pink ballet skirts — very short, very crisp — a wave of exquisite hands, a certain backward tilt of the head, the rhythm of a ballet dancer running triumphantly off stage. Right here we pause for breath and give three wishes that we could be Clare Sheridan for at least a moment in which we would write Pavlowa an adequate appreciation. We are not absolutely sure, however, that it can be done even in Russian.

Just as Your Gossip had given up all hope of ever having a chat with the elusive author of "Brass", lo and behold that very person stepped into the Shop's sanctum sanctorum. Mr. Norris was on his way to California, which explained his Palm Beach suit in the middle of a New York April. We were much struck by his attire — he is one of the most gorgeous authors we've ever encountered. We feel that the sketch of him in the May BOOKMAN needs retouching by us. His hair is not raven black as our artist would have you believe — it is artistically streaked with grey and is most distinctive. Charles G. Norris is a gracious gentleman and an ambitious author. To delineate the different phases of American life — to present its problems — that is his aim. "Brass", he explained, is neither for nor against marriage. It is an impartial discussion, an interpretative novel. His next book will be called "Bread": its theme, the economic independence of women. Then will follow novels on capital, labor, politics, etc., etc. Mr. Norris

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strives, he says, to eliminate all foreign phrases and words, to write in the *American language*. We gathered that his goal is the one hundred per cent. American style.

The disappearance of the long familiar "F. H." from the literary columns of "The New Republic" will be a regret to many who watch with a jealous eye the ranks of independent commentators. We can ill afford to lose even one outspoken and competent book and dramatic critic. And Francis Hackett was certainly that. If his assumptions were at times irritating and his critical lens occasionally over-focused on the bizarre aspects of his subject, there are those, we reflect, who take off from no intellectual premise whatever and who are lensless. We read Mr. Hackett almost invariably with stimulation and always with respect for his courage and unhesitating candor. Guarantee these qualities in the critic, and our own freedom to curse him heartily for his stupidity, and we ask no better show down for literature or art.

Francis Hackett

But we nowise intend to speak of Mr. Hackett as over and done with. In fact, he is just beginning. His departure from "The New Republic" is for the immediate purpose of a trip abroad and the completion of a novel and a book on the new Irish Free State. The novel, we are told, may possibly deal with Chicago, which Mr. Hackett knew quite intimately several years ago when he was literary editor of the Chicago "Tribune". If Chicago *is* the setting, Harry Hansen, Llewellyn Jones, and Fanny Butcher will have much fish to fry and the aroma thereof should prove pungently appetizing. There are few people we should prefer to Mr. Hackett in the rôle of social satirist. And since Mr. Mencken has set a perpetual feud between Chicago and New York, it is asking too much to expect any Manhattanite — let alone the Gossip Shop — not to hanker for the removal of that synthetic stone and pressed brick façade behind which so much takes place that is not advertised in the prospectus of Chicago's culture boomers.

As a rule, we refuse to attend "readings" of any sort whatever. But the fact that Penelope Wheeler was to give one of John Masefield's plays on a certain evening recently, lured us to the Little Book Shop on East Sixtieth Street in spite of our inherent aversion. Mrs. Wheeler is an English actress of Shakespearian plays and Greek tragedies, who is here to give readings at colleges or clubs. Although this year's débutantes officiated, and were draped becomingly on the tables with this year's bloom of fresh-cheeked young men, we overcame all difficulties and were carried back to the days of the Spanish Armada by Mrs. Wheeler's dramatic reading of "Philip the King". Since we pay special attention to feminine garb, we cannot refrain from telling that this fine English lady was dressed charmingly in a classical gown of gold tissue, long, flowing sleeves, a gold fillet in her black hair. Any woman's club should enjoy an afternoon or evening with Mrs. Wheeler.

When poet meets prizefighter, the honors go to the physical champion. So at any rate we are forced to believe

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after reading a recent cable from Berlin to the New York "Globe". According to the correspondent: "A great battle between body and brain was won by Jack Dempsey Monday when he met the poet and playwright, Gerhart Hauptmann. The champion entered the lobby of the Hotel Adlon at the tea hour. The place was thronged and every table was taken. Suddenly there was a stir. 'Over there is Dempsey,' somebody said. A minute later every table was deserted. . . . . Just then Herr Hauptmann, Germany's brainiest man, came down the stairs accompanied by his family. Usually he is greeted heartily by his many admirers. On this occasion, nobody paid the slightest attention to him. He walked out of the hotel quite unnoticed, shaking his head with gentle surprise as he made his way through the crowds besieging the champion pugilist."

"I have had a jolly time lately", Hal Waldo tells us, "corresponding with Harold Titus of Traverse City, who has written for them all, Bob Davis, Norman Hapgood and everybody, and who agrees with me that 'Harold is the hell of a name'. There's an anti-climax to be sure. We have quite a bit in common, besides that bletherin' name. Traverse City on Traverse Bay is not far from my birthplace at Harbor Springs on Little Traverse Bay. Titus gives a picture of it all that makes me fair homesick. . . . . 'The break-up is on, I fear. Gray snow under the pines, an armour of fresh ice atop the honeycombing stuff on the lake every morning. Heard the male gull give his mating cry this afternoon while I lay on my belly photographing ducks in the mouth of the river. Geese will come over soon; then those wonderful raw winds off the lake through April and May; then trout fishing and the ducks and grouse again, and another winter of work. . . . Do look in on me some time. Read "Joanna Godden"; be *sure.*' His own *big* novel, the one he had always been dreaming of, came to him in this way. 'It hit me', he says, 'while I was wheeling a fishing tug through a s'thwest squall off Little Traverse Bay, with Skilligilee over the stern and Charlevoix somewhere beyond through the lather. Two years ago last fall, it was; I spent four months on it then and approached starvation; fussed with it off and on in the interval and am in to my elbows again now. I'll keep trying until I build it to satisfy myself.' In the meantime he is publishing a novel of Michigan, of reforestation, which he calls 'Timber'. He was moved to write this book, I believe, by viewing the destruction of his old playground on his return from the war. 'It was in April, 1918, that I made my first trip to the Manistee River after that absence,' he says. 'We crossed Grayling Bridge and swung up stream through what had been a most delightful forest of jack-pine. . . . . The trees were not there! They had been cut for pulpwood; their tops littered the ground, drying out, making acres of explosive material. We stopped the car and damned the men who had ravished that stand of young timber, and that afternoon we saw a doe, swimming frantically down stream, and far off in the swamp heard the voice of a hound. "They're taking off what trees are left and they're dogging out the deer," I said. "What are we, who love to be among trees and animals, going to do?" ' Out of this feeling of outrage came Titus's months of study and consultation with lumber barons, lumberjacks, state university forestry men — and finally the book 'Timber'."

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